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JANUARY 3, 1968

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OUR COVER

● Australian Prime Minister Mr. Harold Holt, who disappeared while swimming last week in heavy seas near his holiday home at Portsea, Victoria. Hundreds of people took part in a massive search by land, sea, and air. On other pages of this issue are tributes to Mr. Holt and his distinguished career.

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He was that rarest of political blends, a man of modesty, ability, accessibility, and niceness. He gave the nation a 1967 image in the eyes of the world — an image of youth, adventure, friendliness, and go-ahead spirit.

"The nice bloke"

AS Melbourne woke to a grey, rainy morning on the day following Mr. Harold Holt's disappearance in the sea at Portsea, the people of his home city began to realise they had lost a friend and neighbor as well as their Prime Minister.

Till then, with the typical Australian she'll-be-right approach, they clung to the belief that Mr. Holt would be found alive and well.

It did not seem possible that he could have died in the sea — especially the sea at Portsea which he loved so much and where he spent every possible relaxing minute.

The irony that the tragedy had occurred on his beloved Cheviot Beach — the wild, deserted stretch of surf which was his special swimming and skindiving place — was widely discussed.

In the trains, trams, and buses as Melbourne's workers streamed into the city on that Monday morning, the crowds were unusually quiet. Morning papers were shared, and only one topic of conversation prevailed.

The word heard most often was "decent." "He was such a nice guy"; "A good bloke"; "He did a good job." These were the understated tributes.

On all sides, too, there was a growing realisation that perhaps Australia took the safety of her leaders too casually.

The strict security measures adopted by other countries had been

regarded as a bit of a joke. Now they were saying, "He should never have been allowed to swim without proper safety measures."

Everyone realised that Mr. Holt was a typical Australian whose independence and dislike of appearing to big-note himself in any way led him to insist that security

office, many thought his long period as lieutenant to the forceful Sir Robert Menzies would make it virtually impossible for him to emerge as a leader in his own right.

Quietly, he made it plain that Australia must take her rightful place in the affairs of South-East Asia, that her relationship with America must be-

had been Australia's most available Prime Minister.

He had relished privacy in his holiday houses at Portsea and in Queensland, but the door of his Toorak home was never closed to anyone who wanted to see him urgently.

"We've been at dinner with the family—perhaps for the first time for a

did entertain widely and were entertained in return, but it was never discussed.

"The men down there are ones with whom he can really relax," Mrs. Holt once said. "They play golf and go swimming and sailing together, but no one ever talks politics and there is never any lobbying."

Surely Australia's most "with-it" Prime Minister, Mr. Holt was extremely popular with the young friends of his three stepsons and their attractive wives (who all called him "Harry").

He and his wife both said firmly how much they admired and enjoyed the company of young people and how flattered they felt to know their admiration and affection was returned.

An indication of the strong bond that existed between Mr. Holt and his stepsons was the fact (and his wife was proud to emphasise it) that all three of them, "without any sort of pressure, and of their own accord," legally took his name when they came of age.

The people of Melbourne had taken their Prime Minister very much for granted. To them, he was "a nice ordinary bloke."

On that Monday morning they were beginning to say openly they had lost probably one of the most honest, uncomplicated, and extraordinary "nice ordinary blokes" they could ever hope to know.

—BERENICE CRAIG



ZARA HOLT

● When people say, "Oh, his poor wife!" as people do in such tragic circumstances, they speak with the knowledge that for Zara Holt "my man, Harry" was the key-stone of her world, that his death was the end of a lifelong love.

measures were kept to a minimum.

It was well known that the Prime Minister never even informed anyone just where he was swimming at Portsea, and it was not uncommon for him to stay in the sea far longer than he originally intended.

They realised, too, that though Harold Holt had never been a spectacular man he was, indeed, a leader.

When he first took

come closer. The British ties could still be strong, but the leading reins had to go.

To the average "Joe and Mrs. Blow," this made sense.

They recalled his wife's quoted words when he took office: "He came home and he said, 'I've made it. And I've made it the way I wanted to — without having to walk over anybody.'"

They recalled admir- ingly that Harold Holt

month—and the doorbell would ring. Once it was a reporter who had missed an airport statement and wanted to talk to the PM. I didn't think Harry should go, but he did," Mrs. Holt said.

Among friends of long-standing who made up the Holts' circle at Portsea, there was a never-voiced but never-infringed rule that publicity was out.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Holt could and



DAWN OVER CHEVIOT BEACH

Pictures by Michael Coyne.

● In bleak dawn, rescue workers search the area off Cheviot Beach, Portsea, Vic., where Mr. Holt disappeared. Hourly hope diminished of finding him alive, and the operation became a search for his body. It is a lonely place, dramatic and beautiful. Wind sweeps through the low scrub of the cliffs, which slope down to the beach. Waves break far out and roll majestically to shore. On that fateful Sunday the waves reached 15ft. high and thundered in on the rocky beach. Under the comparative calm of the water, pictured here, Navy skindivers said it was "like being in a washing-machine," the water, sandy and swirling, 12ft. deep, descending in places to 30ft.



National and personal tragedy



● Hug for grandson Christopher (above) from the then Treasurer on his arrival in Melbourne in 1963. Mr. and Mrs. Holt and her three sons by a previous marriage were a close-knit family.



● Mr. and Mrs. Holt boarding a plane in Sydney to take him to the Prime Ministers' Conference in London in 1966. One of Mrs. Holt's prize possessions is a heavy chain bracelet to which is attached the medallion awarded to her husband for oratory in 1930. She wears it always—even when most formally dressed.



● With daughter-in-law Mrs. Nicholas Holt (right) at Portsea. As well as their holiday house there, Mr. and Mrs. Holt had another at Bingil Bay, North Queensland.



● In underwater gear. Mr. Holt is reported to have once said, "A single dive is better than any journey through space." His recreations were listed as racing, golf, and spear-fishing.



● A friendly wave and a smile—the Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Holt, as he will be remembered by many Australians. After attending Wesley College, Melbourne, he graduated from the University of Melbourne a Bachelor of Law. Before taking over as Prime Minister from Sir Robert Menzies in 1966, he had been Treasurer for eight years.



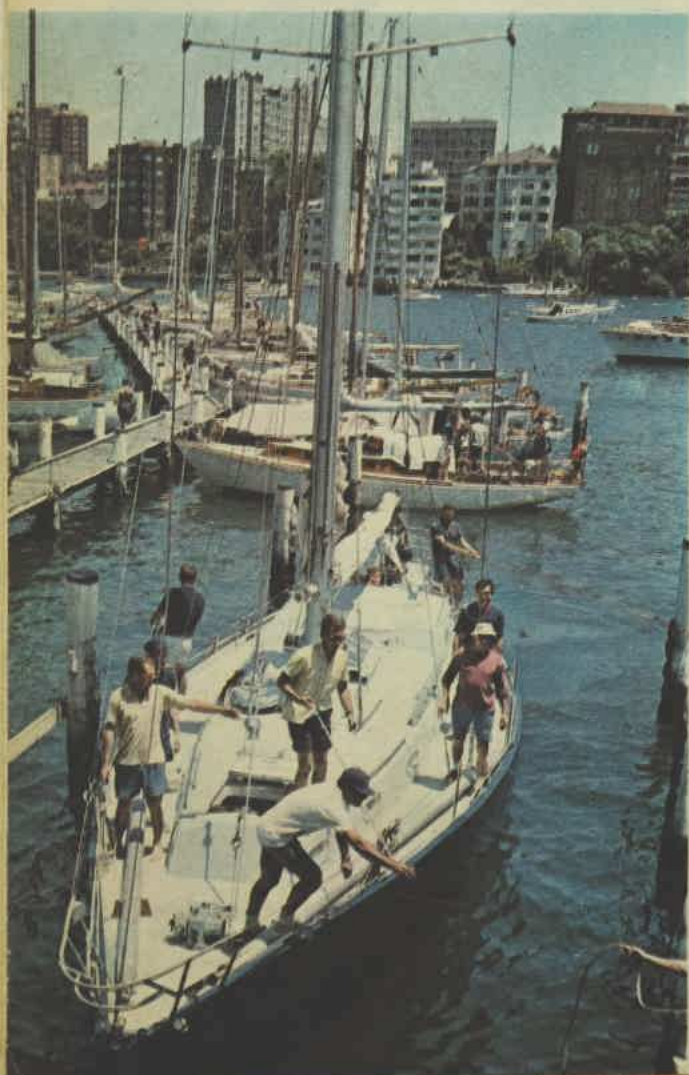
● Preparing for the Sydney to Hobart race. Crew members, from left, Gerry Parry, Garth Croft, and Alan Collins spreading the sails of the Victorian sloop Astelot on the lawn outside the Cruising Yacht Club, Rushcutters Bay.



● Glenn Stewart, of Melbourne, is known as "chief cook and bottle-washer" by fellow crew members on the Victorian 35ft. sloop Sarda of Burnham, owned by Mr. G. L. Fox.

All yachts

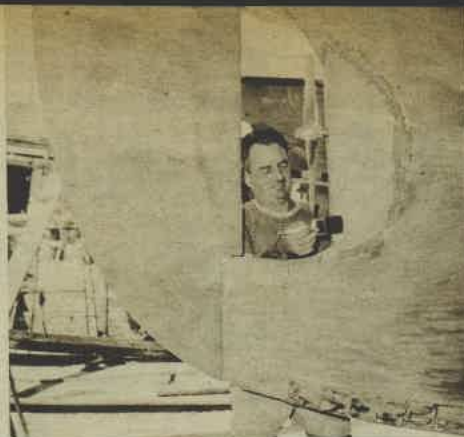
Color pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.



● The 50ft. sloop Bacchus D, left, nosing into its mooring at the Cruising Yacht Club. Her owner-skipper is Mr. P. Deaton and she favors medium to heavy weather.

● Owner of the Anitra V, above, is the Chief Justice of Australia, Sir Garfield Barwick. From left, David Treharne, Jim Hopkins, Sid Smith, and Dudley Stewart.

● Scott Colville, immediate past-Commodore of the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron, below, on the 62ft. cutter Kahurangi, the largest entrant.



● Veteran owner-skipper Jim McLaren, left, touching-up the varnish around the new propeller he had fitted on his 37ft. sloop, Joy Too.

● Mercedes III, below, a top point-scorer in the Admiral's Cup series, with Neil Bennetts, in hatch, Peter Browne (left), Bob Wallace (foreground), and Fred Thomas.



● Mr. J. Gilliam, above, owner-skipper of the 40ft. sloop Weatherly, checking the painting being done by J. B. Scott (left) and B. W. Davies.

shipshape for ocean classic

● For more than a week before the start of the 1967 Sydney-Hobart boat race, the Cruising Yacht Club, Rushcutters Bay, was a scene of intense scurrying and hurrying, of sawing, painting, scraping, of sails being laid on the lawn to dry in the sun, of men clinging to the top of high masts to check and recheck every piece of rigging. This was to make sure that the 71 competing boats were trim, taut, and shipshape for the classic.



● Pen Duick III, above, crack 59ft. French schooner and an outstanding competitor in the Admiral's Cup series. Skipper is French naval officer Eric Tabarly.

● Fidelis, right, the 61ft. New Zealand sloop, which took line honors last year, is expected to be one of the main dangers to the Pen Duick for the same honors.



Put in the Sun Dried Fruit

This summer, make your salads even more delectable and nourishing by adding Sun Dried Fruits.

Prawn Raisin Salad

Line a salad platter with lettuce leaves. Toss cold, cooked, boiled rice in French dressing, pile in the centre of the platter and top with a layer of Raisins. Arrange the prawns around the rice. Garnish with quarters of hard boiled egg.

for delicious Salads, Desserts and Sweets



Sweets

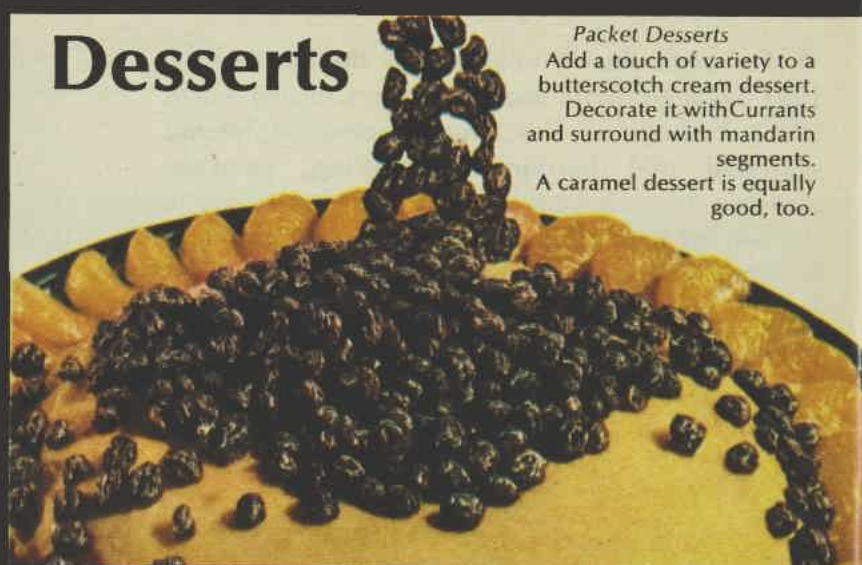
Sultanas and Currants add flavour and nourishment to sweets. Scatter them on ice-cream, instant sweets, custards, blanc manges.



Desserts

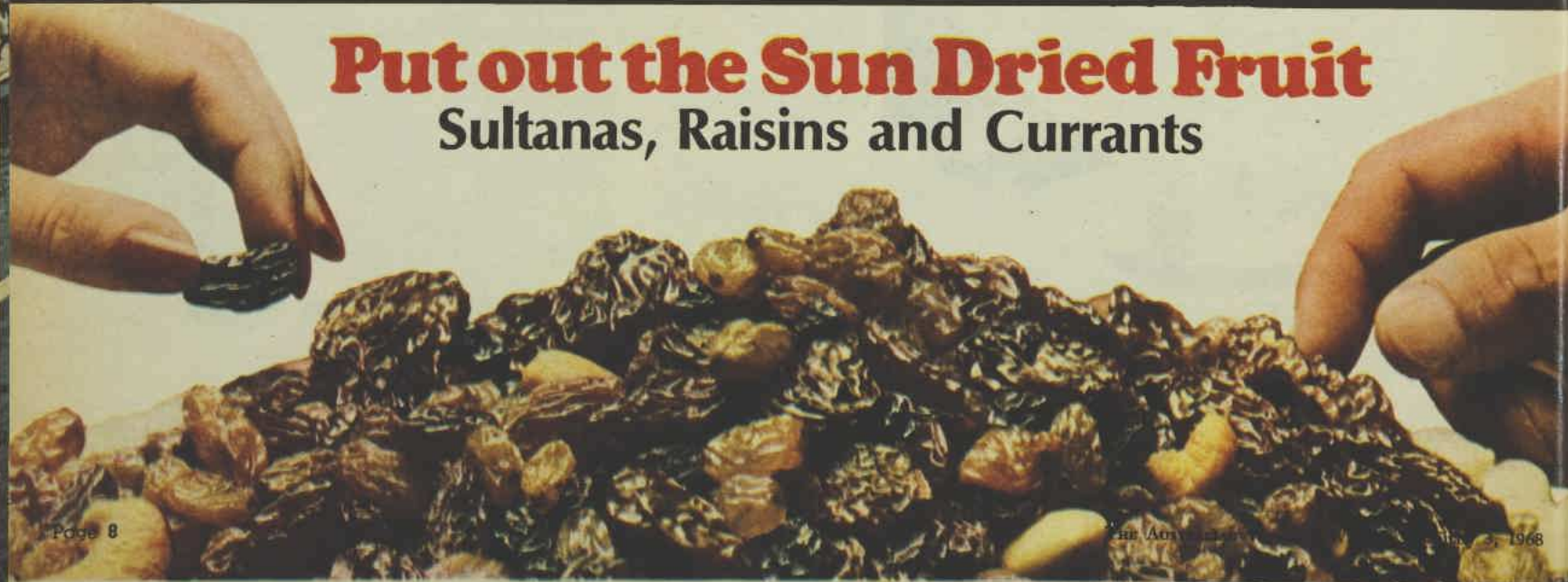
Packet Desserts

Add a touch of variety to a butterscotch cream dessert. Decorate it with Currants and surround with mandarin segments. A caramel dessert is equally good, too.



Put out the Sun Dried Fruit

Sultanas, Raisins and Currants



LOCAL WINE FIT FOR A KING

WHEN Mr. George Kolarovich, a winemaker in South Australia's Barossa Valley, flew to Europe recently there was a special selection of Australian wines in his luggage.

It was a gift for his fellow-countryman, friend, and king—Peter II of Yugoslavia, who has been in exile since the Nazis invaded his country in 1941.

"I was to have met His Majesty"—as far as Mr. Kolarovich is concerned, the exiled king is still his monarch and always will be—"in Monaco, where he now lives, but, unfortunately, he had left for America before I arrived."

"His Majesty tried Australian wine when he was here in 1960 and was very impressed."

● Rare job

Bearing wine to a king wasn't the real reason for Mr. Kolarovich's trip to Europe, his first since he made his home in Australia in 1949.

This year he became one of the very few Australians to be appointed judge at the International Wine Fair at Montpellier, in France.

Winemaking has run in Mr. Kolarovich's family for 400 years. He was never given a chance to do anything but carry on the tradition.

Yet, if you expect him to look back longingly to the small town on the Danube where he was born—and where wine has been produced since the Roman Occupation almost 2000 years ago—you would be disappointed.

● Color here

You see, Mr. Kolarovich believes Australia also has a tradition in winemaking. He'll go further and tell you that this country is more "true to the past" than Europe is.

"Tradition may have given Europe the vintage, but their wine festivals are commercialised, catering for tourists," he said. "Here we just celebrate the vintage."

"In Europe they think there is no romance in our wine. But the Barossa vintage festivals are just as colorful as any overseas."

"They wear national cos-



GETS INTO HOT SPOTS!

★ Chief, a dalmatian, might not be as good at sniffing out fires as he is at chewing bones, but to the men of Fire Engine 20 he's top dog. Chief is the engine's official mascot. He's one of many in the New York Fire Department, which has carried on the custom of maintaining a mascot. When the fire alarm sounds, Chief accompanies his masters on the engine, seated in a place of honor at the front of the machine. The tradition goes back many years in New York, to a time when it was common to see a dog, usually a dalmatian, keeping pace with the horse-drawn engine on the way to a fire.

'Moving' tribute to gondolas

● From April to October, 1968, thousands of people will be taking rides in gondolas.

Where? Venice? No.

Well, would you believe San Antonio, Texas?

Gondola rides there will be part of the entertainment offered to visitors at HemisFair '68—an American exposition.

OLD FIGHT

Organisers went to the lengths of diverting the San Antonio River through the fairgrounds so that visitors could enter HemisFair by romantic gondola.

The aim of the fair is to highlight ties between nations on the American continent.

Ironically, the fair site is only 200 yards away from ruins of the Alamo fort.

There, in 1836, U.S. frontiersmen led by Davy Crockett battled Mexicans.

tunes—with a Barossa flavor, of course—brought here by the settlers in the 1840s."

His son, who is 20, won't be following the family tradition. Mr. Kolarovich smiled and said: "Paul is going to be a lawyer."



● Jean and husband-to-be, Bill.

COMPACT

It's wedding bells soon for cheery Jean

■ When Jean Kilo, a bride-to-be, walks down the aisle of a little church in Henty, N.S.W., on December 30, her family will be watching her with a very special pride.

She will be walking on the crutches she has had since the age of 13, when she was crippled by polio.

For most people, such a disability would cause them to lead a greatly restricted life. But for Jean this outlook was unthinkable.

"I have led a very full life," she said. "Of course, it was hard adapting to my new situation, but I found the most important step was getting out."

"It took me six months before I had the courage to go out of the house, but once I did, I never looked back." Jean did a correspondence course in dressmaking ("one of the many things I could still do as well as anyone") and this gave her the confidence to become independent.

"I left home when I was 23 and went to work as a dressmaker in Goulburn, N.S.W.," she said.

"Then the mother of a family I knew there died, and I helped out with cooking. Eventually I took on the job of housekeeper for the family. The work was very strenuous, but I loved it."

Jean lived in Goulburn for six years, then came to Sydney 18 months ago to attend courses at the Mt. Wilga Rehabilitation Centre.

● Good at sports

She did a secretarial course which got her an office job with a company at suburban Crows Nest. She found a place to live within five minutes' walking distance.

The centre also provided her with a wheelchair so that she could participate in paraplegic sporting events. Jean has become a keen sportswoman (she already has four trophies, three for field events, and one for table-tennis) and is aiming for a place in the Australian team for the Paralympics.

"I'm pretty sure I can make the Australian championships in Perth next year, and I will try to make the team for the Paralympics in Tel Aviv next November."

Jean goes to weekly sports meetings and also plays in a mixed basketball team, which she says is "rougher than football, but a lot of fun."

"I'm learning to swim, too," she added.

It was at the rehabilitation centre that Jean met her fiancé, Bill Stokes. He was driving a bus for the centre at the time, but later took a job driving public buses.

They started dating, visiting the large circle of friends Jean had made for herself in Sydney, going to the movies or out driving.

When Bill popped the question, Jean accepted without hesitation. "I feel I can make Bill a good wife," she said. "There is very little I cannot do and Bill is a very understanding person."

"We are going to live here in Crows Nest and I am going to keep my job, as I feel I can cope with it and housework, too."

And so Jean, in the wedding dress she made herself, will walk down the aisle in confidence. "I bet Bill will be more nervous than I," was her final cheery comment.

A WAIL OF A BUSINESS!

★ Hoots, mon! — it seems that Australia is the second biggest overseas customer for bagpipes made in Scotland. America tops the buying list. The Scots have some more unusual customers, by the way. One firm in Glasgow recently sent 50 sets of pipes to the Algerian Army. The soldiers there include pipers trained by Scots experts. And a South Vietnam military unit plays pipes.

HAPPY HOST AND HUSBAND



● Host to Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Prince Charles in Canberra in 1966. Prince Charles had joined his grandmother from the Timbertop branch of the Geelong Church of England Grammar School, Victoria, where he was a student. The Queen Mother was visiting Australia for the Adelaide Festival of Arts. In Mrs. Holt's two years as the wife of the Prime Minister, she had been hostess to many important overseas guests.



THE GOOD FRIENDS

● With the United States President, Mr. Lyndon B. Johnson, in Canberra during the President's 1966 visit. As well as their common interest as leaders of their countries, the two men were close friends. When told of Mr. Holt's death, Mr. Johnson expressed his deep personal concern and insisted on immediate information on all developments. He also sent a personal message to Mrs. Holt and said he would attend the memorial service. The Holts had been happily married for 21 years. In a recent interview, Mrs. Holt told us, "Mind you, I work at my marriage. I give it a lot of thought and time. I try to take all the outside worries off the PM's shoulders . . . and I never bring up a worrying subject in conversation unless I need help."



SHARI with that famous duo Lamb Chop and Hush Puppy. Shari Lewis is only 5ft. tall; she weighs 7st. 6lb. and has bronze-red hair.



HUSH PUPPY snuggles up to Shari. Hush Puppy is a slow-talking, slow-thinking Southern dog inclined to be jealous.

SHARI: sweet and sophisticated

● Shari Lewis, tiny TV star appearing at Chequers night-club from December 30, has two distinct showbiz personalities — a sophisticated one for night-club audiences that is said to be enchanting and a simple one for her TV puppet show that is known to be enchanting. Children love her. So do parents, but differently: mothers admire her enviously, while fathers frankly dote.



LAMB CHOP, as you observe above, wears mink eyelashes, although she is very naive. Shari, married to publisher Jeremy Tarcher, has a daughter, Mallory, 4.

WING DING, the slightly mad crow. Another member of the team is cheeky Charlie Horse, a snaggle-toothed, pun-loving pony.



SOCIAL ROUNDBOUT

INVITATION to the New Year's Eve party which artist Francis Lyburner is having in his studio in the heart of the city: He has asked about one hundred of his friends to sip champagne from nine until midnight to see in the New Year.

ANOTHER New Year's party which sounds as if it will be enormous fun is the one to be given by ten hosts at "Gundwringa" woolshed at Crookwell. John Nicholas (one of the hosts) is among the group of boys who have formed the Goulburn New Year's Eve Club, which arranges the dance each year. There are to be 150 guests from all over the State, many of whom will be members of house parties in the district.

WHAT a picture of elegance Mrs. Roger Levy looked at the Zerky-Carriol wedding. Her pale blue figured chiffon dress flown out from Jean Patou especially for the wedding was worn with a flattering platter hat made of ten yards of black pleated tulle. (See picture at bottom of page).

SPOKE with such an excited Mrs. Elsa Chauvel just a few hours after her daughter, Sue (Mrs. Nils Carlsson), had given birth to a baby boy at Hornsby Hospital. It's a second child for the Carlssons, who have a daughter, Christina.

BELIEVE that the barbecue party which the Jeffrey Davises gave around the pool at their Pymble home was a roaring success, with every one of their guests talking about the exotic food. Some of the dishes, such as oysters cooked in sausage skins, prawns and scallops barbecued with bananas, whole pig and fresh salmon roasted over the fire, and pineapples broiled whole and set aflame with brandy certainly made my mouth water.

HAPPY Christmas surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Don Stephens was the arrival of their daughter Lesley, who flew in to Sydney after an eight-month holiday overseas. One of the most enjoyable times during the trip was her stay in London, when she and her girlfriend Briony Bagot, of Adelaide, were entertained by Briony's godfather, Sir Alexander Downer, the Australian High Commissioner, and Lady Downer.

I HEAR that when Jane Devitt flew out of Sydney on December 19 for the United States to meet her husband, Michael, in Cambridge, she took with her the wonderful news that she had won the Sydney University Medal for Japanese. Michael went to America in September on a scholarship to study for his Doctorate of Philosophy at Harvard University while Jane stayed on to finish her final Arts honors year in Japanese. She is hoping to study for her Masters Degree and then her Doctorate of Philosophy at Harvard. They will live in Cambridge for three or four years.

MANY of Peter Diddams' fellow cadets from the Royal Military College, Duntroon, called in to wish him a happy twenty-first birthday at the "at home" which his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Diddams, gave at their St. Ives home. The party was also to celebrate his recent graduation as a lieutenant from the College.

— Mollie Lyons



AT RECEPTION. The bride's mother, Mrs. Max Fleischner (second from right), and her stepfather, Mr. Fleischner (at left), received guests, including the French Commercial Counsellor, Mr. Roger Levy, and Mrs. Levy, at the reception at the Fleischners' home. The bridegroom is the son of M. Rene Carriol, of Paris, and of Mrs. Christian Hugel, of Tripoli, Libya.



DECEMBER WEDDINGS

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. John Buckley leaving St. James' Church, King Street, after their marriage. **AT RIGHT:** The bride and bridegroom with the bride's parents, Sir John and Lady Cadwallader. The bride was Miss Jan Cadwallader. **BELOW:** Attendants Mrs. Robert Cadwallader, Miss Mary MacLean, Miss Caroline Adams, Mrs. John Mulready, and Miss Jenny Cameron Smith (left to right) outside the church. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Buckley, of Killara. A reception was held at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.



MARRIED. French Commercial Attache Mr. Michel Henri Carriol with his bride, the former Miss Julianne Zerky, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, after their marriage. **AT LEFT:** Attendants Miss Priscilla Renshaw, Miss Justine McCarthy, Miss Mary Ellen Johnson, and Miss Dominique Levy (from left) at the reception, which was held in the grounds of the bride's home at Vaucluse.

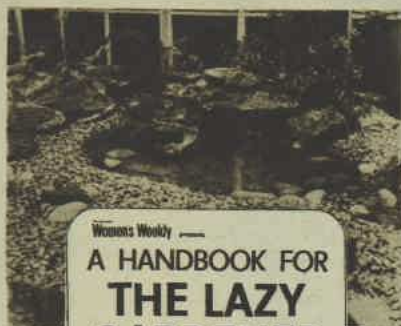


NEXT WEEK

- A garden should be a thing of pleasure:

Is your garden getting you down? Do you feel gardening is one long unequal struggle?

RELAX!
LOOK!



A HANDBOOK FOR THE LAZY GARDENER

BY ALLAN SEALE

Our 16-page lift-out will help you cut down on routine work, and give you more time to enjoy your garden.

and...

FLOWER POWER!

- Hey — here's something, well, different. Pretty transfers painted on you!



and...

- We've collected some good advice on how to...



BEAT THE HEAT — AND STAY HEALTHY

... in a five-page feature (plus some gorgeous ice-creams, too).



and...

- DON'T MISS THIS: "Gone Bush," a woman's amazing story of a rough, roving life, rabbit-trapping, kangaroo-hunting, with husband and children in the far outback.



P.S.: Patterns for wilting wardrobes, too.

PORTLAND MASON:

FROM
THIS ▽



UNINHIBITED behaviour by Portland marked many a public appearance by her parents, from her toddler days. Here she pulls faces at a street crowd.

Former holy terror in a goodie-goodie role

By CAMILLA BEACH

ACTOR James Mason has one unfulfilled ambition: to be known as Portland Mason's father.

He announced this after seeing his 19-year-old daughter, Portland, notorious in her early childhood as an undisciplined horror, make her London stage debut in Oscar Wilde's "A Woman Of No Importance." She plays a small part:

that of Hester Worsley, the American puritan.

Having been presented publicly as a holy terror since the age of three, it comes as somewhat of a surprise to see Portland in the role of a grim little goodie-goodie.

"My part is the exact opposite of the image I seem to have," she said softly, her American accent just poking through on the corners.

"It's horrible," she added, recalling the hell-raising stories of her youth. "When people meet me they expect to meet a monster."

(Portland's parents, screen and stage star James, and Pamela Mason, now a TV personality, used to take her

everywhere with them when she was small, letting her sample adult parties, and do what she liked at them. They divorced late in 1965.)

Portland's image was the wildest.

Up until five in the morning when she was only three. Night-clubbing at six, with film and television appearances already to her credit.

Doing a strip-tease when she was seven. Wearing high heels at eight, and caking her face with make-up. Dating boys when she was nine.

"You know," she said, "you probably won't believe this, but I didn't know the sort of things they used to write about me until I was about 13."

"I came across a couple of old scrapbooks at home. I was absolutely horrified."

"Everything written about my childhood was exaggerated and, to a large extent, untrue. Well, anyway, it was blown up out of all proportion."

"All those terrible things I was supposed to have said." Her voice trailed off and her grey-green eyes widened with wonder.

At just-turned 19, she is very much a teenager —



WITH HER PARENTS, screen star James Mason and his former wife, Pamela (they divorced about two years ago), Portland posed for this picture. But she lay down, instead of sitting up like a good little girl.

AND
THIS ▽

TO THIS



eager and enthusiastic and bubbly, very pretty, direct, and unphony. And she has proved to be a poised young actress.

But the first-night applause that greeted the play's West End opening was quite different from the boos which greeted her outside a London hotel 11 years ago. Aged eight, she had just given up smoking "for ever."

"We were having dinner at the Dorchester and it was stuffy and I left Mummy and walked out on to the balcony.

Boos, hisses

"In those days crowds of fans and autograph-hunters used to wait around out the front, and there I was, walking out on to the balcony — just breathing — and they all started to boo and hiss.

"I can remember looking down at all their upturned faces and the light shining on one man's glasses and his face all screwed up, hating me and booing. It was horrible."

Portland — people still call her Porty — has since resumed smoking. The play's director has told her to grow her fingernails, so smoking helps relieve her nervous tension.

The other members of the cast joke about her habit.

"There was this piece they wrote in a paper recently," she said, explaining.

"And it mentioned that I smoked only two cigarettes a day.

"Diane Hart died when she saw it. She said, 'Oh, yes, you only smoke two of your own a day, but you smoke 45 of mine.'"

She talks about the other members of the cast with obvious admiration and loves the fact that they all get on well together. She says she wants to stay in London for good, too. She likes it.

And she wants to work very hard.

"But I'm lazy more than anything," she said. "I'm a great believer in my horoscope.

"My girlfriend sent me a card for my birthday and it was for Sagittarius — that's my sign. And it was very true. It said: 'The great thing about you is that you're full of ambition but never follow it through.'

"Well, I know I could never trample on anybody to get what I wanted — well, I just couldn't do that."

Her English stage launching was well received by the first-night audience. They demanded eight curtain calls.

But the critics were scant with their praise. The main fault they found with the play itself. But there were no rave notices for Portland, either.

"The part demands little acting ability and she gives it just that," wrote Fergus Cashin. "But she looks good and has a certain loftiness that carries her through this thankless role."

Priggishness

David Nathan of the "Sun" agreed that the part gave her little rope to play with and also called it a "thankless" role.

"I regret," he wrote, "that Portland Mason could not find more youthful passion to save it from total priggishness."

The "Guardian" critic, Philip Hope-Wallace, was even more brief: "She seems to have inherited looks, but is stiff as a twig."

Only James Mason was really generous with praise. "She was very good," he said. "My ambition now is to be known as Portland Mason's father."

Although a bad workman sometimes blames his tools, Portland Mason was understandably nervous over her first appearance on the West End stage.

ABOVE: At nine, Portland was a true hom, and used to mimic her mother's make-up methods — with real make-up.

RIGHT: And this is Portland now — well groomed, sparkling. She's even surprised at the stories of her past escapades.



"I couldn't help but be terrified," she said, pulling a funny face.

"I mean, it's London, isn't it? All through the try-out at Golder's Green I just kept pushing the London opening out of my mind."

This first-night, with James Mason sitting in the stalls, was figuratively similar to an incident that occurred at the Masons' swimming pool when Portland was only three years old.

Her parents had a theory about childhood that no child should be worried by taboos. With this in mind, James Mason chuckled Portland into the pool — and then dived in after her.

He wanted her to realise that water could be friendly, but that Dad was there in case it became hostile.

Portland soon learnt to swim well — as she will soon learn to act.

With her mother's long legs and some of her father's acting ability, she has already learnt to dog-paddle on stage.

SCENE from "A Woman Of No Importance," with Portland and actor Michael Pennington conversing.





HERE IS YOUR PIN- UP OF MR. SPOCK

● "Star Trek's" Mr. Spock (Leonard Nimoy) is dreamy. Born a creature of pure reason, without emotions, his pointed ears come from his dad, a native of the planet Vulcan who married an earth woman. In real life he is married, has a daughter, Julie (12), son, Adam (11), loves being Mr. Spock.

Television

Quiz expert Patrick Bowles

is a witchcraft authority, but . . .

HE WON'T PUT A SPELL ON BARRY JONES

By NAN MUSGROVE

COMPETING against Australia's quiz giant Barry Jones is almost like trying to compete against a computer, according to his latest challenger, England's Patrick Bowles.

Bowles and Jones have just begun a 12-week contest with a \$2000 prize for Bob Dyer's "BP Pick-a-Box Quiz Ashes."

Mr. Bowles, 54, a former BBC, Brain of Britain, won the right to challenge from two other Brains of Britain, Mrs. Irene Thomas and Mr. Henry Button, in what was the duller, slowest elimination contest yet.

Having yawned my way through weeks of it, I had decided that Mr. Bowles, despite his win, was rather dull and pompous, but off TV I found him witty, amusing, and on the ball.

He is a plump, middle-sized man with a face the color of a russet apple, the bluest eyes, and a tremendous enthusiasm for everything except cities.

"I value solitude," he said. "People charging around everywhere is not for me."

Mr. Bowles has two types of smile: one that he beams with happily and the other when he smiles with his lips

closed, mouth pulled down to one side, and follows with, "Do you see what I mean?"

Mr. B. is one of the most English Englishmen I have ever met. He lives in King's Lynn, Norfolk.

With his dark green shirt and fawn slacks he was wearing the King's Lynn tie, one in dark maroon woven with tiny gold pelicans and shields bearing three "lucres" swallowing swords. Lucres, I learned, are pike-like fish.

Mr. Bowles is full of odd, interesting bits of information and I can imagine him and Barry Jones getting on like a house on fire.

"I think Barry Jones is fabulous," he said. "I have come up against a great many different people on quizzes, but none of them had his knowledge. His range is almost frightening, he is almost like a computer."

Mr. Bowles is an M.A. of Oxford, and among other things an expert on witches, wine, cooking, and music — on the plane trip, his favorite reading was music.

Between England and Australia he read the score of Beethoven's Third and the "Eroica," as well as the Brahms Haydn variations. He hears them as he reads, he says, every note.

Bowles with Jones is so different on TV from the Bowles of the preliminary contest that I asked him was he more at his own level with Barry.

"The first contest with the other 'Brains' was rather a different feeling altogether," he said. "I knew the others quite well and certainly I never felt any very strong sense of competition."

"The whole thing was really rather funny, rather a social thing, and until the very last round I was not bothered about who was going to win it."

"With Barry I am very conscious that I am competing against somebody brilliant, and in the first round there was quite a deal of mental tension for me."

"Barry knows a deal more



PATRICK BOWLES, representing England, who is challenging Barry Jones in Bob Dyer's "BP Pick-a-Box."

than I do, but whatever the outcome I will enjoy the mental contest.

"Actually, I enjoy it more when things are more mental than competitive. I never get a very strong sense of competitive involvement."

I asked Mr. Bowles had he considered putting a spell on Barry and carrying off the prize by witchcraft, in which he is an acknow-

Television

ledged expert and a consultant for the British police.

Mr. Bowles took my question quite seriously.

"I don't doubt that witchcraft could help me win, but Barry is such a nice chap I wouldn't want to put a spell on him — quite apart from the fact that I don't claim to be a practitioner."

"I would strongly advise your readers not to get involved in witchcraft."

I was inclined to be interested in some of the simple spells myself with a view to dabbling, but Mr. Bowles wouldn't instruct me.

Putting a person's name in a drawer and sticking pins in his image was quite futile, he said. No harm would come of it.

"To do any good with these spells the person must know this is being done. The name in the drawer could work, perhaps, if the persons concerned were primitives or very superstitious and it got back to them, but this is quite a ridiculous spell to use for sophisticated people."

"If you notice stories of witchcraft of the old days, you will observe that most of the people involved were simple country folk."

"There is no doubt whatever that there have been witches in the past in west Europe."

"Their ceremonies and ways were a survival of primitive religion, and a lot of it has survived today in some parts of England."

"But this is different from magic. The belief in magic is something fundamental in the human race. All primitive people have it."

"Even educated people

are influenced by magic whether they know it or not. If people did not believe in magic there would not be an advertising industry."

"Basically, magic is a matter of carving an effect upon the human mind. I believe if you allow yourself to get into a state of mind when you think magic may work, it may."

"It can do this subconsciously as in the case of curing warts."

"Since I have been in Australia many people have written to me about magic and curing warts. Bob Dyer popped it on me unexpectedly one night during the preliminary contest to give a spell to cure warts. I gave him the slug cure."

"You catch a big black slug and put it live on the warts, then impale the slug on the spine of a black-thorn. The thing is that as the slug shrivels on the spine, so the wart drops. I call this sympathetic magic."

Mr. Bowles said he had many letters about this and one asking for more details so that a grandson's warts might be cured.

"I wrote to the lady," Mr. Bowles said, "and put a 10-cent piece in it. I asked her to give this money to her grandson and tell him I had bought his warts, and they would probably go."

"I have bought warts very successfully before. There is a belief they can be cured by suggestion, and I certainly have been assured by someone whose warts I bought that I was very successful."

"There are a lot of witches in England at present. I personally feel that modern witches are people who want to escape from reality, who are looking for a faith. Some people go for Indian mysticism, others for witchcraft."

"I say, of course, if there is something in it for them, good luck to them, but I believe that there is schism among the witches of England at present."

The witches of Hertfordshire, Mr. Bowles said, dance in the nude, and the witches of Cambridgeshire have denounced this practice as undignified.

This sounds as if the Cambridgeshire witches have a conservative but comfortable coven. I couldn't agree with them more.

no matter how active...
you're always appealing -

Day Long

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Roll-on 81c • Refills 63c
Stick 75c • Cream 58c
Aerosol 95c & \$1.45

From Chemists
NYAL COMPANY • SYDNEY

(Advertisement)

Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves
stops itch—even in most stubborn cases
—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain —without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place. And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing. In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes functional elimination less painful. All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance, Bio-Dyne (Regd.)—the discovery of a world-famous institution. This new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for individually sealed, convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator.

READ

The Ideal Gift!

A SUBSCRIPTION TO

The Australian Women's Weekly

<u>RATES</u>	6 MONTHS	1 YEAR
Aust., Fiji, New Guinea	\$5.00	\$10.00
New Zealand (Aust. currency, remitted Sydney)	\$6.00	\$12.00
New Zealand (N.Z. currency remitted Gordon & Gotch, N.Z.)	\$5.00	\$10.00
Overseas	\$9.25	\$18.50
<u>AIR MAIL</u>		
New Guinea	\$8.75	\$17.50
Other countries	Rates on application	
MINIMUM PERIOD 6 MONTHS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE		

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "When the governments of the world going to get together about this smog problem? I'm not saying there's much smog in Melbourne, but when you leave the city there's a sign that says, 'You are now leaving Melbourne. Resume normal breathing.' Some say it's caused by factory smoke, others that it's the millions of cars on the road."

MOMMA'S MORAL: Remember when "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was a song and not a weather report?

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Beautiful Australia

Young gums honor his spirit

THE ashes of the Reverend John Flynn, founder of the Flying Doctor Service, are guarded by this granite tor in the shadow of Mount Gillen, about five miles from Alice Springs.

Flynn of the Inland, as he came to be known, was a young padre with the Australian Inland Mission who urged the establishment of mission first-aid stations. His vision and faith in the "new-fangled aeroplane" and the pedal wireless removed the fear of illness and perhaps a lonely death in far places.

There is hardly a moment today when a Flying Doctor plane is not winging somewhere over the continent on a mission of mercy, itself a memorial to a man of vision and energy.

Flynn was 71 when he died. He had asked that his ashes be carried to Mount Gillen, a fitting place, since it is close to the geographical centre of Australia. The grave, a visiting point for tourists, bears the inscription: "He brought gladness and rejoicing to the wilderness and solitary places."

This picture by Mr. E. E. Cox, of Petersham, N.S.W.



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

How time flies

THIS true story shows how one's views of time change with age. Thirty years ago, we four young girls decided to meet again in the dim future — ten years' time. We were all to wear a white flower, so we'd know each other, and to meet outside the Town Hall, if it was still standing. Well, it was, and we didn't need the flower. We met again 20 years from the original date — Town Hall still up, no flower necessary. December 1, 1967, I knew we would recognise each other (Town Hall still the same), and I was looking forward to lunch and a good chat with my three GIRL friends. The 30 years has just slipped by, but back in 1937, ten years seemed like an eternity.

\$2 to Mrs. B. McPhee, Black Rock, Vic.

Those old sayings

AN enchanting old verse, seen over a doorway in Wales, reads:

"Hail, guests; we ask not what thou art.

If friend, we greet thee hand and heart;

If stranger, such no longer be.

If foe, our love will conquer thee."

\$2 to Janet Paynton, Carnegie, Vic.

"If a woman's smiles can't hold a man, then her tears will never bring him back." My late mother often said these words to me. I do not know where they came from or how true they be.

\$2 to "Memories" (name supplied), Bellerive, Tas.

"MAKE the best of it,"

"Look on the bright side of things," "Count your blessings," and "Take the good with the bad" — aren't they all just a different way of saying "Enjoy your little, while the fool is asking for more"?

\$2 to Mrs. J. Vivian, St. Ives, N.S.W.

IN reply to a recent letter about beauty and ugliness being only skin-deep:

"At 20 years your face is as nature gave you.

At 30, as modelled by nature.

But the face you have at 50 is the one you deserve."

\$2 to "Observer" (name supplied), Numurkah, Vic.

FROM time to time I have seen framed quotations hanging in people's homes.

Some are amusing, all are interesting. To quote a few:

"They will talk, anyway,"

"There's now't so queer as folk," and (a hand-worked sampler), "All the world's queer, save thee and me, and even thee's a little queer."

\$2 to Mrs. R. Kelso, Eraring, N.S.W.

"NEVER spoil today with yesterday's woes or tomorrow's worries." If this old saying was heeded, I think many of us would live in a brighter world.

\$2 to Mrs. B. J. Wright, Clayfield, Qld.

Personal opinion

MY teenage daughter had broken her watch and it was being repaired. Came Saturday night, and she dressed for a dance — very short hair, mini-length, shoestring-strap frock, and open sandals. Ready to leave, she hesitated, exclaiming, "Gosh, I do feel bare without my watch."

\$2 to "Mother" (name supplied), North Rockhampton, Qld.

Prison education

I WAS astounded to read Mrs. Rogerson's views on prison education. The object of teaching prisoners trades and higher education is to enable them to gain a measure of self-respect and to lead decent, useful lives on their release. Without this help, ex-prisoners would have great difficulty finding employment, and the temptation to revert to crime would be stronger. Education does not make prison life "a piece of cake." The loss of freedom, separation from family and friends, and the monotony cannot be dismissed so lightly.

\$2 to Mrs. C. Thoms, Garran, A.C.T.

As one man saw it

NOT a car driver, and therefore unfamiliar with cars and their accessories, my father arrived home full of admiration for the manufacturers. "I've seen a marvellous safety feature for children's carseats," he said. "They now have a large screw on the front seat to hold the child firmly in place." He was referring to the mock steering-wheel, there to keep the baby amused.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Cumming, Woy Woy, N.S.W.

How important are exams?

AS a parent of teenage boys, I am having trouble over the educational system. It seems to be becoming a god or status symbol, instead of being the means to a new and happy adult life, where quite often adaptability and everyday commonsense count more than high marks for an examination paper. Just how important are exams in the long run?

\$2 to "Mrs. Average" (name supplied), Sans Souci, N.S.W.

Doorstep dough

FREQUENTLY we hear tales of the wonderful bread made by pioneer women. Not so my grandmother's — at least not her first effort. However, the loaf wasn't wasted. Painted a bright green, it was heavy enough to do a long span of duty as a doorstep. Not a born cook, maybe, but certainly deserving full marks for resourcefulness.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Stewart, Midland, W.A.

"Rodney wanted all the 45s, but Wendy said she had bought 'Alley Cat' and — I think it was — 'Mamma Won't Have No Geetar Playing.'"

"Noeline claimed the classical LPs — she's the musical one — but Rodney swore the 'Nutcracker Suite' was his. They sent it to him by mistake when he joined the Supersound Record Club."



"What is the record you still have left?" I asked.

"It's an old 78 of Peter Dawson singing 'The Road to Mandalay.'"

Mrs. McPhee was lucky in one way. At least her departing young did not take any of the furniture.

I was talking to the Dingwells. Their eldest daughter, Penelope, left home lately to share an unfurnished flat with two girlfriends.

"Can I take my bed, Mum?" she asked.

"But if you take your bed, what will you sleep on when you come back to see us?" her mother said.

"Oh, I can use the camp-stretcher," Penelope replied.

She took up her bed and walked. So did the two other girls she was flouting with.

I was told that one of them, Jennifer Something, actually tried to get permission to remove the dining-room chairs from her parental home.

Her father came down hard on that idea.

The splitting of household effects is a regrettable business. It usually causes ill-feeling.

The disputes are worst of all after divorces. I knew a young literary couple who parted in that way.

They came to an amicable agreement about the custody of their daughter; she stayed with her mother. But they had a terrible scene over the custody of the novels of Somerset Maugham.

It is safest to label books and records with the owner's name.

Otherwise one day you may be like Mrs. McPhee. You may be left with "The Road to Mandalay" while your daughter does a moonlight flit with "The Moonlight Sonata."

NO BLISTERS



• Cleethorpes, a British holiday resort, is seeking Government aid to put a glass roof and sun lamps over the promenade. Users would pay half a crown. "People who now go abroad might stay home if they could be sure of a suntan," said a town official.

In colder climes a coat of tan

Looks pleasingly expensive,

Implying that its owner can

Take holidays extensive.

"The South of France. Oh yes, such fun!"

But soon, while clad in flannel,

The English could afford the sun

And never cross the Channel.

Yet, like fake diamonds and fur,

Results might be pathetic.

A snobbish miss will say, "Oh, HER!"

Her suntan is synthetic."

— Dorothy Drain

Vanishing farmhouse

WHAT has happened to the rambling farmhouse with the yelping dogs, chickens darting through the wood-heap, and children bringing in the cows to be milked? Driving through the countryside recently, I noticed that farmhouses tend to have sprawling lawns, flower-filled gardens, and a scarcity of children, roaming animals, and interesting items such as old tractors. They are now similar to the houses in the better city suburbs.

\$2 to Wilma France, Wodonga, Vic.

Rebuke in verse

THE following little original poem, pasted inside my books, has been very effective in securing their return.

Anyone is free to use it:

I prize my books most dearly,

And so I'm sure will you;

The knowledge in them clearly

Was meant for others, too.

So read, my friends, at leisure,

Read slowly and digest

The knowledge there with pleasure

As after work you rest.

But when you've finished reading,

Return them unto me,

And if more books you're needing,

I'll lend them willingly.

\$2 to Mrs. Stella Campbell, Toowoomba, Qld.

Debt repaid to father

WHEN I announced I intended to keep my father at home, even though he had quite a lot of things wrong with him, I was disappointed and astounded at the members of the family who said, "Put him in a home, he's too much for you." A bit of practical help and not so much criticism would have been better. It was not always easy, granted; but my father gave up a lot in his early years to give us opportunities we might not have had. Now, after his death, my brother and I have a wonderful feeling that we did all we could.

\$2 to "Reader" (name supplied), Kalinga, Qld.

Really down-to-earth

I WAS reading aloud the Weekly's Australian Almanac feature to my farmer husband. Feeling sorry for the outlaw Entwhistle, whom Governor Darling arrested and gave 50 lashes for pausing in carting his employer's wool and unharnessing the horses to take a swim, I asked my husband what he thought of it. Pat came the farmer's answer: "I was wondering what happened to the wool."

\$2 to Mrs. K. Lynch, Corowa, N.S.W.

Doesn't want equal pay

I DO not approve of equal pay for women for equal work. It is only this minor inequality which keeps some of us in our jobs. If there were no difference in pay, our chances in the labor market would be well down, as has been the case in countries where equal pay has been enforced. Also, it does help the males if they have this small lead over us. By slightly inflating their ego, it makes them easier to get on with — at home and abroad.

\$2 to "Bless 'em All" (name supplied), South Yarra, Vic.



NEW

● Page-boy pants, left, are made in flowery Tahitian cotton. The long-sleeved classic shirt is in satin-striped voile.

● White gabardine pants, below, worn with a tuck-in, long-sleeved shirt. White boots complete ensemble.



PARIS HIT...

● Tune in on the page-boy suit — it's the newest thing out of Paris, where it's crowding the boutiques and is a top best-seller. The right way to wear the pants is with a tucked-in shirt in a contrasting color and fabric. The look is young, switched-on, and thoroughly today. Note: Pants in all lengths and shapes are in for spring.

— BETTY KEEP



● Shirt in *café au lait*, above, is tucked into apricot satin-cotton pants. Designs on these pages are by Gaston Jaunet.



● Fashion harmony in color, above. Pants in heavy white silk are worn with classic shirt in pinky beige satin-striped linen.

PAGE-BOY PANTS



● Red velveteen pants, left, are teamed with a navy-and-white-striped shirt. White socks have striped tops.

● Purple pants, above, are made in a new-again fabric for spring — water-wave silk. The shirt is narrowly striped.

HAPPY HOLIDAY?

Or will tummy upsets spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your kiddie may become irritable and grouchy—just when he should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again. When Mother Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. For grown-ups, too. From chemists everywhere.

Only 35 cents

DRESS SENSE

By
BETTY KEEP

● This one-piece coat-dress is chosen for a Queensland reader who asked for a simple, smart tailored design to wear during a holiday in Victoria.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I am flying to Melbourne for two weeks and would like a style and pattern for a tailored coat-dress to wear during my holiday. The material I have chosen is a fawn gabardine. I take size 14."

Illustrated below, right, is the design I have chosen for you. The dress is neatly tailored and is finished at the back with a martingale belt. It can be made with or without the detachable contrasting collar. If you decide to order, underneath the illustration are full details.

"What color accessories should I wear with plum?"

If the dress is for summer, my choice would be white accessories. If it is for the autumn season, wear brown.

"Do my bridesmaids pay for their own dresses and who decides the style and color?"

The attendants pay for their own dresses. The designs and colors should be discussed with the bride-to-be—she has the final say.

"I have a navy linen jacket finished with a double-breasted fastening. Could you suggest something unusual for the skirt?"

Get a tartan plaid kilt with navy in the design. Wear the outfit with navy textured stockings and sturdy navy shoes.

"What should the bridegroom wear at an informal wedding?"

For an informal wedding—daytime or evening—the bridegroom and his attendants wear a grey or navy business suit with a white shirt, a quiet tie, black shoes, and black socks.

"I have a grey worsted shift from last season. I have shortened the hemline and would now like your advice about smart accessories. The dress has a V-neckline. I am a teenager."

Orange worn with grey looks new and slick. My choice for accessories would be orange net stockings and matching shoes, plus an orange cravat tucked into the V-neckline. Carry a dark grey handbag and matching wrist-length gloves.

"I have chosen a floral bridal headdress and am having trouble attaching it to my tulle wedding veil. Would you advise me, please?"

The bridal veil should be attached to the headdress and the headdress securely attached to the head. To secure the headdress, sew two small cotton loops, tape would be perfect, to either side of the headdress and anchor them in your hair with bobby-pins.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for an infant's layette?"

Our pattern department has a pattern for an infant's layette which includes dress, nightgown, petticoat, panties, jacket, and bonnet. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 400, the price, 45c, includes postage.

The pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O. Croydon, N.S.W. 2132.

"Is it correct for the mother of the bride to wear a floor-length dress at a formal afternoon wedding?"

No, a short dress is correct. Only after 6 p.m. may a floor-length dress be worn.



Bradmill sheets

Bradmill put fashion in sheets of today. And gayness in bedrooms where drabness held sway. Striped and embroidered sheets, ecotone, too fitted sheets, coloured sheets—that's just a few sheets that drip-dry and never get duller. The sheet range from Bradmill—a new world of colour. But whether your bedroom is large and ornate, or modern and sleek as a top-fashion plate, a long room, a square room that's really quite small (perhaps you haven't a bedroom at all?) One thing is certain—common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

B
BRADMILL



1784.—One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Americana pattern 1784, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED. AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

BUC.24

INNOXA MAKES YOU FEEL BEAUTIFUL. PART IV. CHOOSING A DEODORANT.

Don't you want to stay this clean and fresh all day?

You're a woman. So you know the value of freshness. Know how important it is to your morale. How you can't even begin to feel beautiful unless you feel completely fresh underneath it all.

And that's why you use a deodorant. But most deodorants don't last beyond the lunch hour. Because they just can't

stand up to the pace of a long, active day.

Innoxia knows this. So we came up with Free & Easy. It offers you the freshness of a deodorant and the cleanliness of an anti-perspirant. And they work together in perfect harmony, balancing each other at all times to give you complete freshness that lasts.

Free & Easy is a roll-on because it's so much gentler, so much more precise

than a spray. And infinitely more feminine.

Free & Easy is more than kind to your skin. And that beautiful fresh feeling it gives you lasts and lasts all day.

Don't you think that's a good reason to use it?

INNOXA FREE & EASY



From your
Appointed
Innoxia Retailer



INN:P217

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 3, 1968

170 New Bond Street, London, W.1.

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THE PURPLE PERSUADERS

● The early days of advertising were the heyday of the "hard sell" — the approach was bluntly direct. Gradually, advertisers began to link their appeals with such qualities as wit, bravery, sex (wholesome), and even the Pope gave a testimonial. Now a London ad-man looks back.

AN illustration in a magazine of 1884 shows a man with a drooping moustache and solemn expression exercising with a pair of dumb-bells — which explains why he is in his shirtsleeves and showing a cunning pair of braces.

"THE PUBLIC ARE WARNED," says the text below, "to see that they are supplied with the ARGOSY proper, and none of the many imitations. The Argosy is the only Brace with two Independent Cord Attachments going from Back to Front, beside having other special features . . ."

This is the prototype ad of the time: naive, proud to boasting point, openly anxious about competitors, and put together by the manufacturer himself.

There were advertising agencies already in existence; by 1895 "The Times" in London had almost 100 on its books. But they didn't create advertising. They functioned simply as space brokers for the newspapers and magazines.

Over the next two or three decades this was all to change under the pressure of competition. The brokers became service agencies in the modern sense, if not with all the modern facilities. They wrote copy, commissioned artists, invented brand names.

Some of the manufacturers, too, showed remarkable flair. Pears' Thomas J. Barratt was one of the great ad-men of any age, putting "Bubbles" by Millais on his hoardings and even wringing out of the American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, a testimonial which began: "If cleanliness is next to godliness, soap must be considered as a means of grace."

By the turn of the century most of the basic advertising pitches had been tried. Testimonial advertising was more thoroughly exploited then than ever since.

Pears led with Lillie Langtry, royal mistress, and Dame Adelina Patti, prima donna.

KOKO ("Don't go bald, use KOKO for the hair") followed with HRH Princess Victoria, granddaughter of Queen Victoria and sister to the German Emperor, as



By GEOFFREY NICHOLSON

TEA FOR THREE. These fashion trend-setters of 1892 gave a quality image to a brand of tea.

to make a virtue of a deficiency with its slogan: "Won't Wash Clothes."

Brand identification was understood if not formulated. It wasn't only Player's who invented a character for their product. The jaunty Johnnie Walker figure was already going strong, so were the Quaker of the oats packet, and Monkey Brand's disturbingly human, top-hatted monkey.

They were certainly less mealy-mouthed about animal products. A typical ad featured two frightened bulls: "I hear they want more Bovril."

This would be thought insensitive today, but perhaps directness will come back into fashion. Not long ago I worked with an elderly visualiser on a chicken-soup campaign; his idea was to show a chicken saying either, "I'm dying to get into this can" or "I'll get into this can if it kills me."

When the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising was founded in 1917, the only key figure missing was the specialist copywriter. There were memorable slogans and captions, but the true Prose of Persuasion only developed between the wars.

Even in 1920 this recipe for making Gibbs Dentifrice must have looked dated:

*Take from wind-swept waves the foaming, frothy mist;
Take the sunset colors, coral and amethyst;
Commingle all together with a maiden's trembling kiss;
Add mystic magic charm and you have Gibbs Dentifrice.*

By the end of that decade a copywriter was producing some astonishing announcements in the style of Evelyn Waugh's "Bright Young Things."

"My lovelies, with Paris and Berlin doing the most angular things with concrete, glass, and metal—so stimulating—one does heave the old bosom just once to find mahoganised, diluvian London shedding the mildew at last. I mean, on the new floor at Jaeger's positively all the fungus has died in the night. My dears, they've gone completely chromium! Tubey chairs, vulcanite tables, glass walls, plus-ultra pictures and wholly immediate carpets. A simply gladdening spot, darlings. Utterly 1930 and corpse reviving!"

well as John Strange Winter, the author of "Bootle's Baby," and Rear-Admiral Tinkler who wrote from the governor's house of Birmingham Prison.

But they were all to be capped by Mariani tonic wine; in 1899 they published a commendation from the Pope.

The selling-power of good, clean, healthy sex was early apparent, especially to the makers of medical products. Neo-classical studies in the academic manner were popular. In 1893 a girl in filmy Grecian folds amid Corinthian columns and mountain crags proclaimed "the Dawn of IZAL, the new non-poisonous anti-septic."

Four years later another maiden, discovered negligently dressed by the Fountain of Health, held up a packet of Vogeler's Creative Compound, "the greatest blood purifier and strength restorer known to pharmacy and medicine."

The before-after technique was used by Titan soap in 1893, though not too convincingly, since they illustrated a black and a white poodle.

A prize of £150 was offered in 1899 for the housewife who could make the best plate of porridge with Berina, the New East Lothian Oatmeal.

Brooke's Monkey Brand soap was one of the first



THOMAS WOOD was the name of this sailor, whose picture was taken from a Services magazine and turned into a trademark without permission in the 1890s; later he accepted two guineas and a parcel of tobacco.



CONSUMERS were more sentimental than now, but not about animals. The distressful look on the ox's face was meant to excite amusement rather than sympathy.



HUMOROUS advertisers at the turn of the century were apt to resort to the excruciating pun. This one was for the fast set who smoked cigarettes.

—a long-distance look through the ad game

Pears' Soap Pears' Soap



"Two years ago I used your soap, since when I have used no other."

—Punch, April 26th, 1884.



"For years I have used your soap, and no other."

Lillie Langtry



ARTIST Harry Furniss poked fun at testimonial writing in his old tramp cartoon for "Punch" in 1884 (left). Ten years later Pears were still running the cartoon opposite Lillie Langtry's message. Millais was shocked when his painting, "Bubbles," which had been bought by a magazine, was sold to Pears in 1887 for 2000 guineas for a soap ad poster. Later Pears commissioned "More Bubbles" (above) from another artist, Edouard Frere.

DINNER AND SUPPER DAINTIES. CLEVER RECIPES ARE GIVEN AWAY WITH EVERY PACKET OF BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER.

—A healthy custard made in 5 minutes with Bird's Custard Powder. —GUTHRIE WATSON, C.M., S.D., U.K.C.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER



This admirable substitute for eggs is most enjoyable with Tinned and Preserved Fruits, and provides an endless Variety of Choice Dishes.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
in 6d. Boxes,
Sufficient for Three
Persons.
1s. Boxes,
For Seven Persons.

A GREAT LUXURY.
"PASTRY AND SWEETS,"
GRATIS.

The New and Improved Edition of this valuable little work, containing Practical Recipes and Original Recipes for Twenty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper Table, will be sent, post-free, on receipt of address, by BIRD'S EGG POWDER CO., LTD., Birmingham, U.K. Orders may have notice for distribution among their agents on application.

ABOVE: Curly-haired Fauntleroy's were always popular, even this little glutton of the 1880s. Children had high sentimental appeal.

RIGHT: The ultimate in testimonial advertising. In 1899, Pope Leo XIII was quoted on the "beneficent effects" of a tonic wine. The Pope sent to Mr. Mariani "a gold medal bearing his august effigy."

MARIANI WINE

MARIANI WINE Quickly Restores

HEALTH, STRENGTH,
ENERGY & VITALITY.

MARIANI WINE

FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS,
STIMULATES & REFRESHES
THE BODY & BRAIN.

HASTENS
CONVALESCENCE
especially after
INFLUENZA.

His Holiness
THE POPE

writes that he has fully appreciated the beneficent effects of this Tonic Wine and has forwarded to Mr. Mariani as a token of his gratitude a gold medal bearing his august effigy.



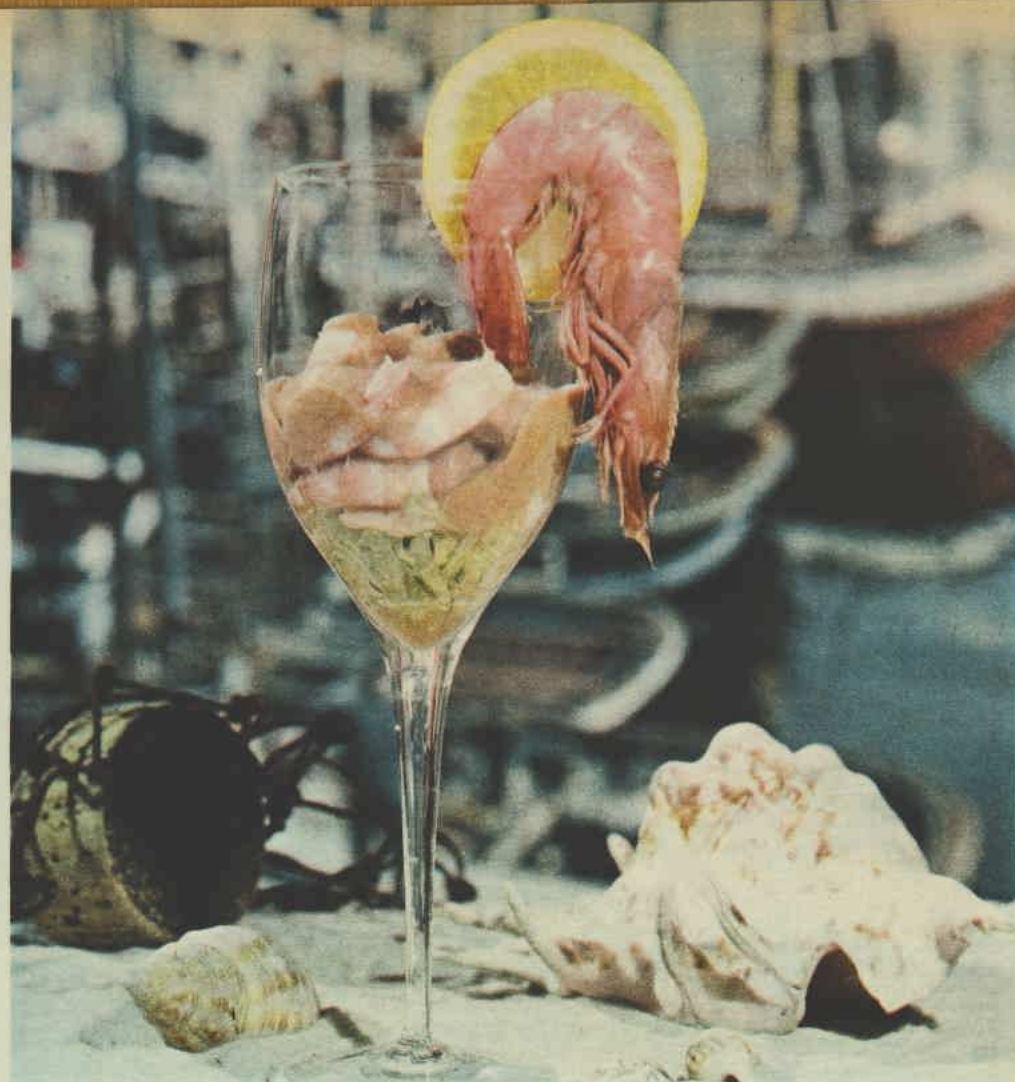
MARIANI WINE

is delivered free to all parts of the United Kingdom by WILCOX & CO., 83, Mortimer Street, London, W., price 4/- per Single Bottle, 22/6 half-dozen, 45/- dozen, and is sold by Chemists and Stores.

SEAFOODS

● Seafood dishes are ideal to serve to guests when you entertain during the holiday season. The dishes are quickly prepared — cooking time for most of them is at a minimum and each is full of superb flavor.

PRAWN COCKTAIL, cool and pretty to look at, is one of the most popular first courses for a dinner party. It is easy and quick to make. The recipe is below.



SEAFOOD — especially shellfish — makes a delightful first course or a main dish for a dinner party. In this cookery feature we give a variety of recipes using shellfish usually available. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

OYSTER SOUP

3 bottles oysters
2½ cups milk
1 cup cream
2oz. butter or substitute
2oz. plain flour

½ teaspoon salt
pinch pepper
chopped parsley
paprika

Melt butter in pan, add flour; cook, stirring, 1 minute. Remove from heat; gradually stir in oyster liquor from bottles, and milk. Return to heat, cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Add cream and oysters, heat through but do not allow to boil. Add salt and pepper. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley and paprika. Serves 6 to 8.

PRAWN COCKTAIL

1½lb. prawns
lemon slices

Shell prawns, reserving 6 large ones for garnishing. Shred lettuce; arrange layer of lettuce in each serving dish. Top with prawns, spoon over cocktail sauce. Garnish side of each dish with lemon slice and reserved prawn. Serves 6.

COCKTAIL SAUCE

2 tablespoons tomato sauce
1 dessertspoon worcester-shire sauce
1 dessertspoon white vinegar
1 teaspoon anchovy sauce

few drops tabasco sauce
salt to taste
½ teaspoon mustard
2 tablespoons lightly whipped cream

Combine all ingredients except whipped cream, mix well together. Fold in whipped cream; chill.

BUTTERFLY PRAWNS

2lb. large prawns
seasoned flour
2 cups plain flour
½ teaspoon salt

1 egg
1 tablespoon oil
1-1½ cups hot water

Shell prawns down to tail end; retain tail piece. Make slash along back by cutting deeply, but not right through; remove vein. Press lightly from cut side to flatten out. Prepare batter: Sift flour and salt into basin. Make well in centre, add beaten egg and oil; beat in enough hot water to make a fairly thick coating batter. Beat until smooth.

Dip prawns in seasoned flour. Coat each prawn well with batter, deep-fry in hot oil, a few at a time, until batter is golden brown and crisp. Remove from oil, drain well. Serves 4 to 6.

POTTED PRAWNS

1lb. prawns
½lb. smoked haddock
½lb. butter

pinch pepper
pinch nutmeg
little lemon juice

Shell prawns, reserving shells, heads, and tails. Put haddock into saucepan with prawn heads, shells, and tails; cover with water, simmer about 10 minutes. Remove haddock from pan, discard prawn shells, heads, and tails. Bone and flake haddock, push through sieve into basin. Beat haddock with half the butter until creamy. Chop prawns finely, stir in haddock mixture with pepper and nutmeg. Press mixture into small pots; melt remaining butter, pour into top of each pot. When butter hardens, cover pots with greaseproof paper, secure with string. The prawns can be stored in refrigerator several days. Serve on rounds of hot toast. Squeeze lemon juice over before serving.

GARLIC PRAWNS

1lb. prawns
4oz. butter
1 teaspoon crushed garlic
salt, pepper

chopped parsley
hot, fluffy rice
lemon wedges

Shell prawns. Melt butter in pan, add garlic, cook until garlic turns golden. Add prawns, salt and pepper to taste, and chopped parsley. Cook, stirring occasionally, 5 minutes. Serve with hot rice and garnish with lemon wedges. Serves 4.

CURRIED PRAWNS

1lb. prawns
1½ cups chicken stock
½ cup white wine
4oz. coconut
3 onions
1 apple
4 sticks celery
2 tablespoons oil
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon turmeric
1 tablespoon curry powder

½ teaspoon cayenne
½ teaspoon salt
pinch cinnamon
3 tomatoes
6 peppercorns
2 bayleaves
juice ½ lemon
1 tablespoon red-currant jelly
1 dessertspoon cornflour

Bring stock to boil, pour over coconut, cover, and infuse 15 minutes. Then drain, reserving liquid. Slice onions and celery, dice apple, cut tomatoes into wedges. Heat oil, fry onions until lightly brown. Add celery, apple, and tomatoes, cook further 5 minutes. Add curry powder, spices, salt, peppercorns, and bayleaves. Pour on reserved coconut stock and wine. Cover, simmer 45 minutes. Sieve curry sauce, pressing as much of the vegetables through as possible. Add lemon juice and red-currant jelly. Blend cornflour with 3 tablespoons cold water, add to sauce. Bring to the boil, stirring continually; boil 2 minutes. Add prepared prawns, heat through. Serve with hot rice. Serves 4.

LOBSTER MAYONNAISE

2 small lobsters
1½ cups mayonnaise
¼ cup cream
salt and pepper

2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
juice ½ lemon
2 canned red pimentoes
lemon wedges

Split lobsters in half. Remove meat from shells, cut in large dice. Combine mayonnaise, whipped cream, salt, pepper, parsley, and lemon juice; mix well. Take 1 cup of mayonnaise mixture and combine with diced lobster. Mix thoroughly, fill into lobster shells. Spoon over remaining mixture, decorate with sliced pimentoes. Serve with lemon wedges. Serves 4.

CHINESE PRAWN OMELET

OMELET

4 eggs
¼ cup water

½ teaspoon salt
little butter for cooking

FILLING

1 tablespoon butter
½lb. prawns
¼ cup chopped celery

1 small can bean sprouts
¼ cup chopped shallots
2 tablespoons soy sauce

SAUCE

reserved sauce from filling
water

Filling: Melt butter in pan. Add shelled prawns; cook 1 minute, then add celery, bean sprouts, shallots, and soy sauce. Cook, stirring, a further minute. Remove from heat; drain, reserving liquid.

Sauce: Add enough water to reserved liquid from filling to make 1 cup. Add cornflour blended with 2 tablespoons water. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture boils and thickens. Simmer gently 1 or 2 minutes.

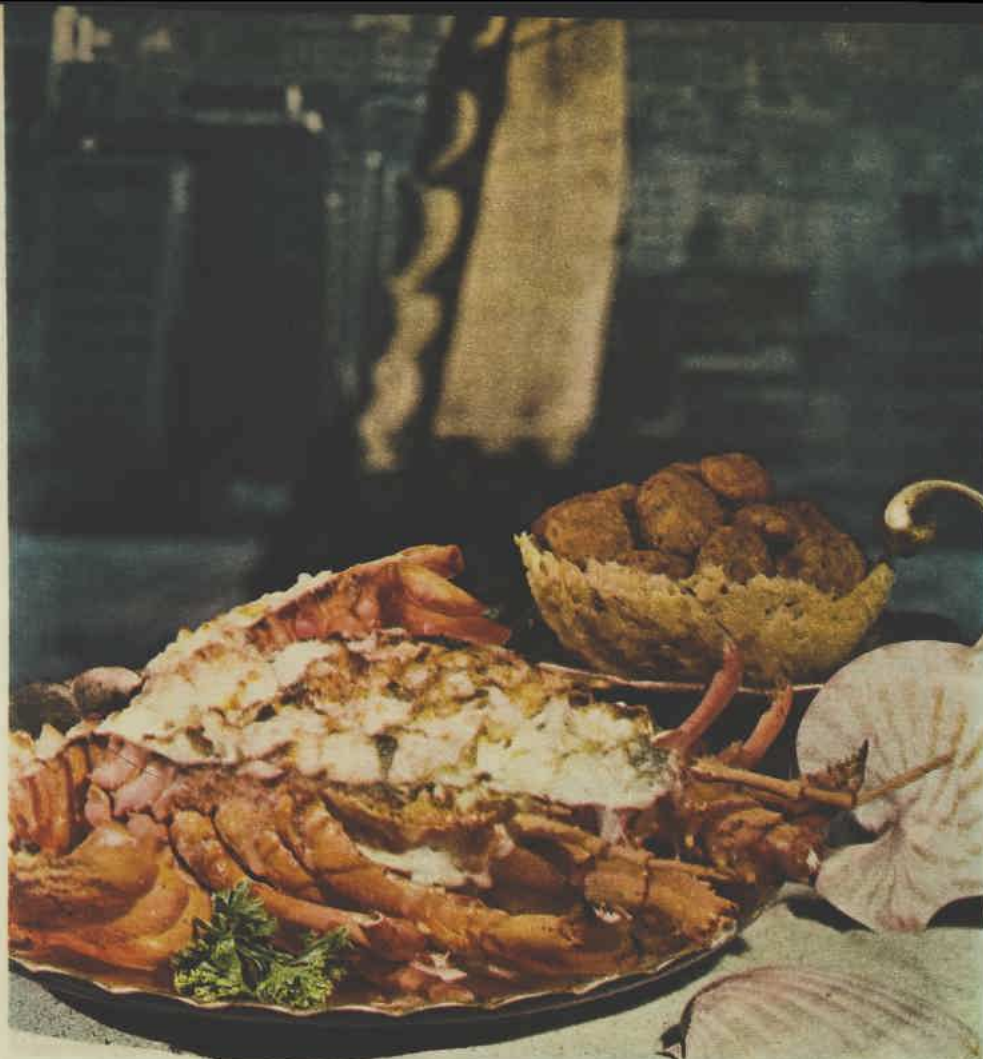
Omelet: Beat eggs with water and salt. Melt a little butter in small omelet pan. Pour in half egg mixture. When cooked, spoon half filling on one side of omelet. Fold omelet over, slip on to serving plate, spoon over a little sauce. Make another omelet in same way. Serves 2.

LOBSTER NEWBURG

2 1½lb. lobsters
2oz. butter or substitute
2oz. brandy

4oz. madeira
½ pint cream
2 egg-yolks

Cut lobsters in half; remove flesh, cut into pieces. Melt butter in pan, add lobster meat, and saute a few minutes; add brandy, set alight. Allow flame to die out, add madeira. Simmer a few minutes, then add cream, reserving 2 tablespoons. Simmer until reduced slightly. Season with salt and pepper, remove from heat and add beaten egg-yolks mixed with reserved cream. Heat gently, stirring, until mixture thickens slightly (do not allow to boil). Serve with triangles of hot buttered toast. Serves 4.



RECIPES FROM OUR

LEILA HOWARD

TEST KITCHEN

Color pictures by staff photographer Bill Payne

LOBSTER THERMIDOR, in a rich, creamy sauce, is a delightful dish for a dinner party. Also shown are Fried Oysters, served in a crisp, crunchy Potato Basket.

FRIED OYSTERS IN POTATO BASKETS

2 large potatoes
iced water
oil for frying

Peel potatoes; wash. Grate coarsely and soak in iced water to remove excess starch; drain well. Pat dry on absorbent paper. Line medium-sized strainer with thin layer of grated potato, pressing down well. Cover base of another strainer of same size with aluminium foil. Press down on to grated potato. Tie handles together with string, if necessary. Lower into very hot, deep oil. Cook until potato is golden brown (about 4 to 5 minutes), depending on heat of oil. Remove from oil, cut away string, and lift strainers apart. Remove potato baskets carefully.

These can be made the day before and reheated just before serving by dropping carefully into hot oil and cooking 1 to 2 minutes.

Makes 2 baskets.

FRIED OYSTERS

2 dozen oysters
1 egg
little milk
breadcrumbs
seasoned flour
oil

Beat egg with a little milk. Dip oysters in seasoned flour, egg mixture, then in breadcrumbs. Drop into hot oil and cook until golden brown; drain well. Pile oysters into potato baskets. Garnish with parsley and serve with tartare sauce.

Serves 2.

TARTARE SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. chopped gherkins
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
4 oz. chopped olives
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Combine all ingredients, mix well; chill.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. lobsters
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
1 small onion
few cloves
1 bayleaf
1 oz. butter
2 tablespoons flour
extra 1 oz. butter
2 shallots
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream
salt, cayenne pepper
mustard
4 oz. gruyere cheese

Cut lobsters in half; remove meat, reserve shells. Combine milk with sliced onion, cloves, and bayleaf. Bring to boil; strain. Melt butter in pan, stir in flour and cook a few minutes without browning. Gradually stir in milk. Cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens; set aside. Melt extra butter in pan, add shallots, and cook a few minutes. Add wine, reduce over high heat to $\frac{1}{2}$ quantity; add white sauce and cream. Season to taste with salt, cayenne pepper, and mustard. Cook gently, stirring, about 5 to 8 minutes. Stir in 3 oz. of the grated cheese. Stir until melted, add chopped lobster meat. Fill mixture into

lobster shells, sprinkle with remaining cheese, and brown under hot grill.

Serves 4.

CRAB SALAD

1 lb. crab meat (or 2 8oz. cans)
lemon juice
salt, pepper
1 cup chopped celery
1 small red pepper
1 small green pepper
2 hard-boiled eggs
mayonnaise
lettuce cups

Break crab meat into chunks. Sprinkle with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Add celery, chopped red and green peppers and chopped hard-boiled eggs. Add just enough mayonnaise to moisten (about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup). Correct seasoning if necessary. Fill into lettuce cups and serve well chilled.

Serves 4 to 6.

GRILLED SCALLOPS

1 lb. scallops
lemon juice
salt, pepper
paprika
butter
chopped parsley

Thread scallops on to small skewers. Lay on heatproof pie plate or shallow tray. Sprinkle well with lemon juice, salt, pepper, paprika, dot with butter. Place under hot grill, cook 3 to 4 minutes or until scallops are just turning golden brown; turn, cook other side; baste once or twice with the melted butter. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Serves 4.

SPAGHETTI MARINARA

1 dozen oysters
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scallops
2 oz. butter
1 clove garlic
2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
6 large tomatoes
salt, pepper
1 lb. spaghetti

Melt butter in saucepan, add crushed garlic, parsley, and peeled, chopped tomatoes. Simmer until mixture is well blended and soft; mix in oysters, shelled prawns, poached scallops, heat gently. Season to taste.

Drain hot cooked spaghetti. Return to saucepan, stir the sauce through. Or, alternatively, spoon sauce over individual servings of spaghetti.

Serves 6.

Note: Any combination of seafood (lobster, crab, etc.) can be used instead of the scallops in recipe above.

SCALLOPS IN CREAM SAUCE

2 lb. cleaned scallops
1 pint dry white wine
1 oz. butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. mushrooms
4 shallots
1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
salt, pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
breadcrumbs
extra butter

Bring wine to boil in enamel-lined saucepan, drop in scallops; simmer 5 minutes. Set aside, reserving liquid. Melt butter, add chopped shallots, sliced mushrooms; saute 5 minutes. Then add parsley, salt and pepper. Remove from heat, stir in flour, gradually add 1 cup liquid in which scallops were cooked. Return to heat, stir sauce until it boils and thickens. Add scallops and cream, spoon into ovenproof dish. Sprinkle top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Brown in moderately hot oven. Serve at once with hot rice. Serves 6 to 8.

MUSSELS RAVIGOTE

2 lb. mussels
bouquet garni
few peppercorns
1 small onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons wine
vinegar
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons capers
4 tablespoons oil
salt, pepper
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
1 teaspoon chopped chives
1 teaspoon chopped tarragon

Scrape and wash mussels. Put in large saucepan with bouquet garni, peppercorns, sliced onion, and white wine. Steam, covered, until they open; remove from shells. Strain juice through several layers of muslin or cheesecloth. Simmer until reduced to about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup; allow to cool. Combine all other ingredients, add mussels and mussel liquid. Chill before serving.

Nice as a first course, or they make an interesting addition to the hors-d'oeuvre tray.

OYSTER MORNAY

2 dozen oysters
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk
1 small onion
1 bayleaf
1 tablespoon butter or substitute
1 tablespoon plain flour
2 tablespoons grated cheese
salt, pepper
breadcrumbs
extra 1 tablespoon grated cheese
extra 4 oz. butter or substitute

Combine milk, sliced onion, and bayleaf in small saucepan. Bring to the boil; strain. Melt butter, stir in flour, cook a few minutes without browning. Remove from heat, gradually stir in milk. Return to heat, and cook, stirring, until mixture boils and thickens; simmer 1 minute. Season with salt and pepper, stir in grated cheese.

Fold in oysters, spoon mixture into individual serving dishes. Sprinkle tops with mixture of breadcrumbs and extra grated cheese. Dot with butter, place under hot grill until butter melts and breadcrumbs are golden brown.

Serves 4.

Continued overleaf

HOLIDAY HINTS

AN old treadle sewing machine makes an attractive outdoor table. Un-screw iron frame, paint it white with rustproof paint, and make a wooden top. Screw top into place and paint white, or, if the timber has a nice grain, finish with clear lacquer.—Mrs. J. Allitt, 8 Oakbank St., Newport, Vic. 3015.

Do not discard your old laundry tub; set it near the barbecue and brick it in. It makes a good container for drinks on ice, and the water just drains away into the garden.—Mrs. Jean Lord, 41 Adelaide Ave., Umina Beach, N.S.W. 2257.

Add a pinch of bicarbonate of soda to milk before taking it on a picnic and it will stay fresh longer.—Mrs. V. Williams, Roberts Rd., Maroota, N.S.W. 2756.

To clean a burnt or badly stained barbecue cooking plate, use an old coarse sanding disc on an electric drill.—Mrs. M. R. Dewar, Monarto St., S.A. 5254.

To lessen fire hazard: After lighting a mosquito coil, place it in an

● Readers win \$2 each for these hints to make picnics, barbecues, and outdoor living more enjoyable during the summer holidays.

empty ice-cream tin to burn away.—Mrs. L. Madden, Blamey Drive, Tugun, Gold Coast, Qld. 4224.

Instead of using the cold bricks supplied with your portable car fridge, substitute cans of fruit juice or tomato juice previously frozen in the kitchen refrigerator. You will have delicious icy cold drinks at the end of the picnic.—M. Owen, Box 17, Tongala, Vic. 3621.

Keep young children occupied while travelling by taking with you a coloring book and pencils. Cut grooves round each pencil and tie them all at intervals along a string. Punch a hole through book, thread string through, and tie. Book and pencils cannot slip under seats and become mislaid.—Mrs. Norma Stevens, 53 Lachlan St., Windale, Newcastle, N.S.W. 2306.

Before setting out on a caravan trip, line the cupboards and drawers with thin sheets of plastic foam. This will prevent the contents moving about when caravan is travelling.—Mrs. L. Price, c/- P.O., Proserpine, Nth. Qld. 4800.

Shepherd's Pie has extra flavor

● A modern version of Shepherd's Pie—with lots of extra flavor added—wins this week's main prize of \$10.

POTATO MINCE PIE

2lb. potatoes
4oz. can whole-kernel corn
1 pkt. vegetable soup
1½ cups water
8oz. can tomato puree
1½lb. minced steak
½ cup finely sliced celery
2oz. peas
salt, pepper

Peel and wash potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until just tender; drain and mash with fork, forming a dry mixture.

Empty soup mix into saucepan, blend with the water and tomato puree, stir over heat until soup boils and thickens; simmer 5 minutes, add approximately ½ cup of soup to the dry mashed potato, then add the drained corn, salt and

pepper; beat well. Spread 2-3rd potato mixture round sides and base of greased deep casserole. Add minced steak, celery, and peas to hot soup. Season with salt and pepper and pour into casserole, spread remaining potato on top. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour.

Serves 6 to 8.
First prize of \$10 to Christine West, 114 Hayberry St., Crows Nest, N.S.W. 2065.

CHURCHILL SQUARES

4oz. butter or substitute
1 egg
1 cup self-raising flour
½ cup sugar
1 tablespoon cocoa
vanilla

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy, add egg, beating well; then fold in sifted flour and cocoa, add vanilla. Spread half mixture in greased 8in. square sandwich tin. Sprinkle filling over batter, then place remaining chocolate mixture on in dots and flatten with floured fingers. Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 minutes. When cold, top with chocolate icing.

FILLING

1 cup coconut
½ cup milk
1 tablespoon icing sugar
Pour milk over coconut and leave for ½ hour. Mix in icing sugar.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Irene Churchill, 48 Alma St., Young Town, via Launceston, Tas. 7250.

SALAD MEDLEY

2 boiled potatoes
2 boiled carrots
2 hard-boiled eggs
3 medium-size dill cucumbers
½ green cucumber
1lb. can baked beans
1 lemon
1 onion
2 tablespoons finely chopped chives or spring onion tops
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup sour cream
salt, pepper

Drain and rinse the baked beans and place in a large bowl. Dice the potatoes, carrots, eggs, dill cucumbers, cucumber (with skin left on) and finely chop onion; add to beans in bowl. Add lemon juice, mayonnaise, sour cream, chives, salt and pepper; mix well, refrigerate at least 1 hour to allow flavors to blend. Serve chilled in large bowl, or in lettuce cups or tomato shells.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. L. Wallis, 12 Harold St., Para Hills, S.A. 5096.

SEAFOOD . . . continued

SALMON CROQUETTES

2 8oz. cans salmon
1 small onion
2 small eggs
2 teaspoons lemon juice
3 tablespoons bread-crumbs
pinch pepper
extra breadcrumbs
oil for frying

Drain and mash salmon. Add grated onion, eggs, lemon juice, pepper, breadcrumbs; add more breadcrumbs, if necessary, to give a binding consistency; mix well. Shape into croquettes, dip in extra breadcrumbs. Fry in hot oil until golden, turning once. These can be made in large-marble size, as a savory accompaniment to drinks.

TUNA PARTY DISH

2 7oz. cans tuna
6oz. butter or substitute
4 ripe tomatoes
2 cloves garlic
1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce
dash tabasco sauce
1 cup plain flour
1 teaspoon salt
pepper
4 cups milk

Drain and flake tuna, peel and chop tomatoes, crush garlic. Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add tomatoes, garlic, and sauces, then add salt and pepper to taste. Cover, simmer 5 minutes. Add flour and blend in thoroughly, then gradually add milk, stirring all the time until thickened and smooth. Add flaked tuna; cover, simmer further 10 minutes. Serve with hot rice mixed with toasted, chopped almonds or with curried rice.

Serves 8 to 10.

For a family meal, quantities can be halved.

AT HOME . . .

with Margaret Sydney

● Round about this time of year I always feel cheated. Here I am, quietly minding my own business, recovering from Christmas and trying to cope with the school holidays, when I suddenly realise that the New Year is galloping up long before I've finished with the old one.

THIS New Year business has been going on for a long time. We're getting into a rut.

This is a democracy, isn't it? I'm in favor of a new system by which the old year, like the government, isn't changed until the majority of voters over 21 want it changed.

I say over 21 advisedly. I don't advocate an 18-year-old franchise on year-changing polls, since the young are always mad keen to rush headlong into the next.

I think Ogden Nash must have had something of the sort in mind when he wrote a long poem called "Goodbye, Old Year, You Oaf, or Why Don't They Pay the Bonus," which began—

Many of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year are followed by dreadful nights, but one night is by far, oh yes, by far the worst,

And that, my friends, is the night of December the thirty-first.

Man can never get it through his head that he is born to be not a creditor but a debtor;

Man always thinks the annual thought that just because last year was terrible, next year is bound to be better.

The English novelist Eric Knight had thoughts on the same subject many years ago when he wrote a marvellous short story called "Never Come Monday." This was only a minor interference with the week instead of the year, but, come to think of it, it would have had the same effect in the long run.

The chief character in Knight's short story was an old man called Capper Wambley, whose job it was to wake everybody in the village of Allerby Brig on weekdays so that they could get to work on time.

After six Sundays in a row, it was then Saturday . . .

ONE MORNING he got up in the pre-dawn light, and he knew there was something wrong.

After a bit he realised what it was. It was still Sunday. He knew that it had been Sunday the day before, so this was an unprecedented thing, and he felt it his duty to discover what the real difference between a Sunday and a Monday was.

After much thought he worked that one out. The difference was that on Mondays he woke people up and on Sundays he didn't.

He was worried that some of the people might wake themselves up of their own accord, so he went round knocking with his wire on their upstairs windows to let them know it was another Sunday morning and they needn't get up.

Some of them got dressed and came down into the street to argue with him, but he convinced them that if the mill whistle didn't blow at 5 a.m. it couldn't be Monday. The mill whistle didn't blow, because

the man whose job it was to blow it had believed Capper and gone back to bed.

The village bell-ringer was grateful to Capper for having made the discovery. If Capper hadn't told him he would have rung the school bell. Now he rang the church bell instead, and that clinched it in everyone's mind. It must be Sunday.

The mill-workers from other villages didn't believe it, and neither did the mill-owner, who took the precaution of ringing Greenwich Observatory to find out what day they thought it was.

They called a village meeting to discuss the matter, but all the messages from Greenwich were as nothing against the arguments of one of the villagers who had travelled on a ship, where the days on one occasion went from Tuesday to Thursday, and on another they'd had two Tuesdays in a row.

To cut a long and delightful story short, there was much argument and many meetings, the days went on being Sunday, and news that the days of the week had stuck at Sunday spread all over Yorkshire and into other counties.

Why not let 1967 go on till everyone has finished with it?

THE PRIME MINISTER'S advice was asked, but he reasoned that since nothing could interfere with the sacred English weekend, it had better go on being Sunday till he could get a naval cruiser where he needed it.

When the crisis was over, after six Sundays in a row, he declared it was now Saturday, but the villagers of Allerby Brig wouldn't accept it, wouldn't accept even the King's word for it, until old Capper told the mill-owner that if it was Saturday he could prove it by paying everyone a week's wages as usual.

So they got their week's wages and could look forward to lying in bed late the next morning . . . Sunday, of course. I'd like to do the same thing with 1967. It hasn't been such a bad old year, has it? Let it go on and on till we've quite finished with it.

Think of all those unanswered letters, those unpainted rooms, those unplanted seedlings, those unmade clothes, those unreturned invitations, those unread books with which you're about to finish the year. You could catch up on all these things if we hadn't got into such a conventional rut.

And if we can't get enough people to support us, I suppose we'll have to put up with January 1, 1968, turning up immediately after December 31, 1967. And in 1968 we'll have an extra day.

The calendars say that this extra day (February 29) will be a Thursday. Don't you believe them. Hans Christian Andersen was quite clear about this.

February 29 is the only day on which poor old Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday get a holiday, and they used to use this no-name day that happens once every four years to do nothing but feast and have fun.



People who have gardens will understand the warm sentiment behind these charming "flower" stories sent in by two readers from New South Wales.

READERS' STORIES

The purple lilac

LAST YEAR I decided to buy a new house. The restlessness of middle-age oppressed me. My elder daughter had married, my 12-year-old dog had died, and the antiquity of the bathroom basin, the growing black patches on the bath confirmed the wisdom of my decision.

"You are getting too old to light wood fires," I said to my husband. "Think of a brand-new house, warmed night and day by oil." He looked at his hands, chapped with the roughness of handling wood in a climate dominated by winter, and the idea suddenly seemed attractive to him, too.

It was easy to sell — an older, well-built, not-too-dear house with an attractive garden. It was not until the rooms stood bare, stripped of 12 years of my life, that I felt my first twinge of unease.

I looked out of the window at the cotoneaster studded with orange berries like pins of warmth among the green leaves. I looked at the escallonia struggling to produce

guarantee I slipped pieces of the lilac, escallonia, and japonica into tins and hoped for the best.

And so my home became the home of a new family, with young children who would climb the trees and shake the fruit blossom and pick the lilacs.

But fate intervened, and the young family had to leave the district. The house which would always be my home became the property of yet another. It was like handing over a part of myself to a relative once removed.

Then . . . first the escallonia and the cotoneaster came down. I looked at the bare stump of the escallonia as I passed one day and couldn't believe it. "But," I argued with myself, "it was old, even if it did bloom gaily through frost and drought." I shut my eyes. "Don't look," I said, but shut eyes are useless against reality.

Next the honeysuckle was torn from its lattice and shuddered into massive decay. Behind it the bared wood leaned naked and cold, and finally it, too, disappeared.

I tried to be reasonable. They wanted to clear the front, to let the sun sweep across an unbroken stretch of lawn. Perhaps the new owner wanted to create his own garden.

But I thought of all the barren blocks on which squatted brand-new houses simply crying out for someone wanting to start a garden from scratch, and no destruction needed.

But the murder of the lilacs . . . Perhaps the garden was too crowded, perhaps the cotoneaster had hidden the sun, perhaps the new owners were allergic to honeysuckle, but the lilacs . . .

Where they had stood bedded, their branches bare for winter, was only tumbled, broken earth. I felt like a woman whose past has been hacked away limb by limb.

Back at my new home, my husband and I carefully lifted the tiny cuttings, now plants, from their tins. As we lowered them into the earth I think perhaps we prayed.

The white lilac became a sturdy plant almost immediately, and the mauves were not far behind. The escallonia managed a tinge of pink within two months, but the purple lilacs were small, slender, almost non-existent. Anxiously I waited.

Then one morning as I looked out of the window I could see the hint of new green, and I knew that the purple lilac would also live.

Here now in embryo is the past. These plants hold for me a host of memories of small boys and girls, of dogs and cats, of winter and spring.

But they have a future as well. Maybe my grandchildren will also wonder at the color and cherish the loveliness of the purple lilac.

By GWEN KELLY

a pink bloom in spite of the drying frost; and the bare lilacs and mayas waiting only for the spring to break into a wave of mauve, white, and purple.

But I crushed the quail. The new buyers wanted a house with a garden, with fruit trees for the children, and the scents of violet and daphne in winter, and the pungency of honeysuckle in summer.

I was glad children would live there. That house was the house of my own children and their friends, of the gayest, most debonair dog I ever owned, and of a bevy of cats, including a one-eyed tyrant of a mother cat who could diminish an alsatian with one flick of her paw.

She was called Herminia, and she had taught my children, as well as her own kittens, to handle the young and helpless with care, and reprimanded them with a firm paw when they became cruel or careless. When she died, aged 11, we buried her beneath the peach tree.

For me, that house and that garden were symbolic of home. Between the age of ten and 30 I had lived in 20 different houses, but this house was different. As I looked out of the window that first spring in Armidale, at the unfamiliar glow of forsythia and polyanthus, I knew that here at last was some kind of permanence.

Surrounding the house was the lilac. You need a cold climate to appreciate lilac. That first spring I watched it shower in mauve glory over the water tank at the back, in fragrant purple and white along the driveway and front garden.

For 12 years I took lilac cuttings for my friends, but the one that everyone wanted, and the one that persistently refused to grow in alien soil, was the purple. Its flowers were magnificent.

The scent of honeysuckle was pervasive, drifting beyond the house, up the hill and down the hill, so that in summer you always knew you were nearing home.

Through that garden, too, dodged or ran or climbed my daughter's friend Henry — blue-eyed, forever inventive.

"Just hold on here, Mrs. Kelly, and you'll get a real electric shock." I held on, and I did.

"Just pick up this end here, Mrs. Kelly, and I'll talk to you from over there. It's a real telephone, see. I made it." So I picked it up and we talked together.

"They're only little fellows, Mrs. Kelly, white mice, not real mice. Look, I'll drop them here and they'll run straight up your arm and along your neck." And they did just that.

Well, Henry was now 6ft. 3in. and my elder daughter was married. It was time to bury the past, but as a

My Autograph Garden —a garden of fragrant remembrance

Cuttings from friends, slips from bouquets held on happy occasions or gathered in special places — all these grow in a garden at Spring Terrace, N.S.W., reminding its owner of people and places she is fond of.

A GARDEN is an important addition to any home, but my crowded perennial garden is much more than that to me. And crowded it is — my poor husband, trying to plant his dahlias, kept forking up gladioli and other bulbs that were sleeping, until, in desperation, he put them into any bare space. Now there are dahlias almost on the path!

But this treasured garden of mine is an Autograph Garden.

At the front gate is a beautiful guelder rose tree which I grew from a sucker from our local public school. The teacher has moved away, but is in our thoughts when we see the great, white flowers each spring.

There's a scarlet splash of color trailing along the fence where the climbing Blackboy rose fills the air with its heady perfume. This, and the heuchera which showers the boxed edges of the garden with pink lace, are souvenirs of our first home together.

The Peace rose travelled 150 miles to live and thrive with us. My dear father, now dead, gave it to Mum, and when she moved after his death she gave it to me because her garden was not established. It is a constant reminder of beloved parents.

Fuchsias from Harvest Festival

The tall, stately lupins were given to me by a gentleman whose garden I admired one afternoon.

The chrysanthemums, such a glory in autumn, are reminders of friends, near and far, with whom I have swapped varieties.

That Cecil Brunner rose grew from a slip which in turn grew from a bunch of these dainty roses given to my grandmother before her death.

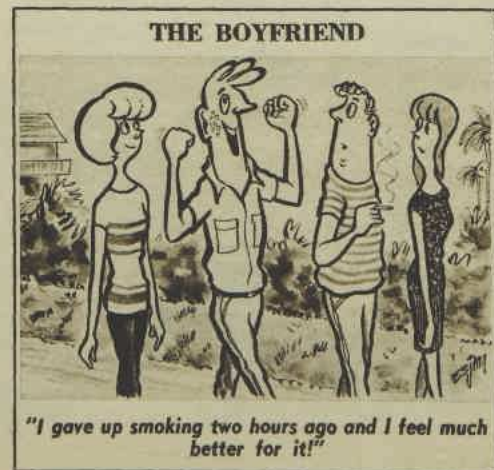
The fuchsias, growing in profusion near the garage, are all from slips, and two of them from pieces that decorated our church for Harvest Festival.

Along the back fence, in ice-cream-can guards, there's a bird of paradise shrub given to me by former neighbors, who have moved to the seaside, and a hibiscus Mum struck for me. I hope the heavy frosts and snow will be kind to it.

Hundreds of daffodils, newly died down, were gifts from my sister-in-law and an 81-year-old neighbor whose garden is a wonder to see. He also gave me the angel lily whose leaves are now thrusting upward.

Perennial phlox, gazania, dozens of roses, peony roses, tulips, the glorious blue delphiniums — I could go on and on, and at least half would have been gifts.

Do you wonder that I call my garden my Autograph Garden? Each plant is a living reminder of family and friends, and I hope there will be more of these fragrant souvenirs to come as I give, or receive, more and more floral "autographs."



EACH DAY A DEATH

By MARIE DALE

A SUDDEN breeze cooled the warm, still air of the summer evening and Zoe Hornall shivered. Each day a death . . . Now where did I hear that, she thought. She stubbed out her cigarette and dropped it among the others she'd smoked since the cup of coffee. She'd made up her mind. She would go and see Evelyn.

She stood up, thin, angular, smart, and caught sight of herself reflected across the room. The look of decision was still on her face, the look, no doubt, which made some people — women, anyway — tell her she was hard. Hard! It was her faculty of knowing what she wanted. She'd always known, and gone after it, and usually got it, too.

Should she change her dress? Yes, she decided. She and Tom had been ready to leave for dinner with Evan and Dodo Bannerlane when the telephone call came: Evan had had a sudden heart attack. There was no hope. No, Zoe was not to come. Dodo was at the hospital, her sister with her. She didn't want anyone else.

Zoe could see it was a shock to Tom, a bell-tolls-for-three shock. They were all in their forties, and life seemed to stretch unlimited ahead until something like this happened.

For Zoe herself the shock was different. Tom, slow-going Tom, had no idea, but a year ago she and Evan had had an affair. Zoe herself had ended it, and on a light note, but she'd been flattered. Evan was a personable man and she still felt his attraction. It had added a spice to her life to know he was more than willing to renew things, but she got enough kick out of that. It was risky, and at her age she wasn't going to be foolish enough to let anything mess up her marriage with Tom. She'd keep things as they were . . .



It had added spice to Zoe's life, knowing Evan was so attracted to her

Tom hadn't wanted anything to eat. They sat saying little for a long time, then Zoe had made coffee.

Suddenly Tom said, "There's work I could be doing . . . would you mind, Zoe, if I went back?"

"No. No, Tom, I don't mind. You go. I'll read — or watch television."

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure. It's not as though they were . . . terribly close." She'd been glad Tom couldn't read her thoughts just then.

She'd heard the Borgward go out — Tom's pride, that car — with a feeling of relief. It would take his mind off the imminence of death, and give her time to think.

Sudden death . . . Anyone might die at any time . . . She wasn't religious, no. Perhaps she'd say she was a little superstitious. But since the accident a year ago, when her cousin Evelyn's son had been killed, and Evelyn and her husband so terribly hurt, she had known that this was her opportunity to make her peace with Evelyn. She wouldn't like to die without . . .

But it had taken another death to make her face it, though she knew Evelyn had now been down in Sydney for several months.

Nothing specific need be said. She would simply call in, ask after James, and Evelyn would know Zoe was doing her part to close the breach that had been open between them for twenty years.

Because she, Zoe, had taken Evelyn's first love, David. He had married Zoe, and a long time afterwards Evelyn had married James Hyndon.

Then David had died. Two years later Zoe had married Tom. She'd had other offers but she'd chosen Tom. Though in a sense he was — well, quiet, not colorful, she knew him to be a good businessman and, an important point, he wasn't too handsome, too attractive, and she had been well aware during her marriage to David that she had faced a few dangers with David's charm for women.

But, quite apart from all that, Tom was a decent sort and they had been married happily enough for a dozen years.

She went into the bedroom. Her smart, fashionable figure walked toward her in the long glass; yes, she looked attractive, very attractive, but she would change. Evelyn wasn't poor, she had money of her own, but Zoe didn't know how the accident might have altered her appearance; she'd heard it had left her lame, for one thing. She couldn't march in looking like a fashion plate.

She put on a plain suit and gave herself a quick appraising look: she'd do.

She was at the door of the flat before she realised she hadn't let Tom know. She turned back to the telephone with the slight annoyance she sometimes felt with Tom. He should not be the sort of man she could forget.

"Tom," she said when he answered, "I'm going out to see Evelyn Hyndon — you remember, I told you she'd got a flat here in town while James is in that specialist hospital . . . Well, I did . . . No, I'll walk. It's a fine night and not terribly far . . . but don't worry if I'm not in when you get back."

She took the lift down and walked out into the mild evening. It was windless, warm.

She thought of Evan. Poor Evan. She hadn't been in love with him, certainly, but there was a feeling . . . Still, the main thing was that Tom hadn't suspected, and now he would never know. She knew her image was good with Tom, and she wouldn't want it damaged.

In twenty minutes she had reached Brae Court. It was one of the older blocks, smaller, not as streamlined as the new. She went into the foyer and looked for the name Hyndon, third floor. With a feeling of annoyance she found the lift was out of order. She walked slowly up.

When she rang the bell, Evelyn's voice, asking who was there, set her back a little; it was not at all as she remembered, but harsh, grating. She called, "It's Zoe Hornall, Evelyn! Zoe Pender!"

The door opened and Evelyn stood there. For a moment, Zoe had the feeling that Evelyn was not going to ask her in. Did it still rankle, her marriage to David long ago? She said quickly, "I thought I'd come and see how you were, Evelyn. Aunt May wrote . . ."

"Come in," Evelyn said. She stood aside and Zoe passed through the door.

"Tom sent his regards," she said. She followed Evelyn and noticed she walked with a stick.

"Sit down," Evelyn said.

"What an attractive room!" Zoe remarked, determined to strike a cordial note. "You always had such good taste!" An odd look crossed Evelyn's face.

David, Zoe thought! She hurried to say, "How is James?"

"Progressing slowly. Very slowly."

Evelyn was looking at her oddly, and she was impelled to rush in and say things she didn't mean, or if she meant them to say them in a way she hadn't intended.

"The years have treated you kindly," she began, then horrified, rushed on, "I mean, you look so young!"

"One of the unexpected benefits of having one's face smashed up," Evelyn said drily. "The necessary surgery

amounted to a face-lift." Evelyn readjusted a gauzy scarf she wore round her neck and Zoe suddenly wondered if it hid a scar.

Silence fell, awkward, painful. Zoe tried to think of something to say but everything that presented itself to her failed to pass the quick examination she gave it. A double meaning seemed inherent in everything.

It was Evelyn who broke the silence.

"I was just making coffee. Would you care for some?" "I'd love it."

Evelyn got up and reached for her stick, and Zoe half rose.

"Do let me help you," she began.

"I'm quite capable, thank you!" Evelyn said shortly, and as she limped into the kitchenette Zoe thought there was a bitter look on her face. Bitter? Sarcastic? She could not find the word precise enough to describe it.

Yet Evelyn had never been a sarcastic type. A gentle girl in many ways, capable of being hurt, yes, and perhaps of showing she was hurt, but not by being sarcastic.

Even now she didn't look like a woman who could be sharp and shrewish. She had always been a soft, round little thing, with the sweet nature that seemed to go with it. Now she was definitely plump. Zoe glanced with satisfaction at her own slim figure reflected in the night glass of the uncovered windows. But Evelyn, she thought quickly, couldn't get any sort of exercise now, perhaps never would.

They sipped the coffee. Zoe hadn't wanted it, but she was truly grateful to it for taking the place of the ritual of speech. She had come to comfort and . . . Had she come to comfort? She had, she was sure she had, and now she found herself, in spite of the extreme ordinariness of everything, involved in an unknown ritual.

THROUGH the balcony doorway came a sudden quick breeze, like the breeze she had felt earlier, and she shivered.

"Are you cold?" Evelyn asked.

"Oh, no! No! Just someone walking over my grave!" Horrible saying, she thought. But perhaps it's the truth; someone, something, is going to die tonight. Evan Bannerlane . . .

Aloud she said, "There was a sudden cool breeze . . . and I am a bit on edge. A friend of ours — a sudden heart attack. They say it's just a matter of a few hours."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

Poor Evan, Zoe thought. Was he conscious? Was he thinking, perhaps, of her? No. In such a situation one would think only of oneself.

"Tom's business is doing well, I suppose?" Evelyn said.

"Yes. Very well. He keeps hard at it, of course. Usually works back a couple of nights a week — he's there tonight — but he tries to keep it down to that."

"You know, I only met Tom once. But I think I saw him recently. Does he drive a rather unusual car?"

"Yes, a Borgward. I believe it's the only one in town, to his great pride! It's his only vice! He has no real vices — smokes and drinks very little, doesn't gamble — if you don't count business, of course! And he never looks at another woman."

"How nice. So much of that goes on, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so. Occasionally one does hear . . ."

"Mostly," Evelyn said drily, "I suppose one doesn't. But one has only to live in flats like these —" She waved her hand vaguely toward the lighted block which towered into the night sky close beyond the little balcony.

"The new Allenslea block, isn't it, fronting on King Avenue? It must cut out some of your view."

"It's too close together. And it's amazingly noisy."

"How horrid for you. Thank heaven we're in a quiet area."

Evelyn did not reply. An odd look crossed her face and Zoe burst out, "You must come and have dinner with us one night!"

Evelyn said, "Thank you," calmly enough, but the odd look heightened a little.

Suddenly Zoe thought, with a kind of panic, "She hates me! She has never stopped hating me! I must go!"

Why is it, she thought, suddenly afraid, why does she look at me like that? Could I help it if David . . . they were not engaged! He'd have asked her to marry him if he'd wanted to!

With a sharp breath she rose and Evelyn said, "Terribly hot, isn't it — come out on to the balcony."

Zoe followed her. It was not getting away but at least it was breaking the spell. She took a breath of the cool air.

"The trees are pretty, cutting off the newness of the Allenslea flats," she said, for something to say.

"Quite pretty. My only objection is to the noise." Evelyn looked down to the paved yard. "There are three motor-bikes in, I see. There must be a dozen here altogether. One gets such disturbed nights."

"And there's nothing worse," Zoe rushed in, "than lying awake with nothing to do but think!"

Ah, the wrong words again! And Evelyn was turning on her that strange young-old face.

Think! What did Evelyn think in the night, alone, with a doubtful future and so much of her past destroyed? Did she think of that day she had seen Zoe in David's arms, on the cliff? No doubt, mild little thing though she was then, she had wanted to push Zoe over that cliff. A balcony was a cliff. Zoe moved quickly back from its slender iron grille.

Evelyn was smiling. Did she know what had passed through Zoe's mind?

"You'd be surprised what goes on round here. Half the city magnates seem to have a love-nest somewhere or other. I get a great deal of unasked information from my char."

"Oh?" What was this for? "I'm not just terribly interested in that sort of thing," Zoe managed to say.

"Aren't you?" Evelyn's metallic voice was amused. "You might be surprised! Know the E. K. Bannerlanes, for instance?"

Zoe froze. But she knew she must speak, and speak casually, and with a tremendous effort she forced herself.

"The Bannerlanes? I do know them. I — we — Tom meets him in business."

Evelyn leant over the edge of the balcony and looked carefully among the cars visible through the trees.

"Not there tonight," she said. "I was looking for his car. Yes, his secretary."

"Not — not Shirley Jebson?"

"That her name?"

"But she's — she's the plainest girl!"

"No doubt," Evelyn said, "she understands him." She looked at Zoe, amused, and Zoe made herself speak.

"He — he and his wife seem happy enough."

"Perhaps they are. It doesn't always follow, does it?"

Zoe tried to gather her thoughts. Evan . . . And even if it were true about the girl, what object could Evelyn possibly have if she didn't know about her, Zoe? Her world seemed to be falling apart. Each day a death . . . She had thought it was Evan's but if Tom found out about her and Evan it might just as well be her own. There were more deaths than one.

But she must speak, say something to stop Evelyn from looking at her like that.

"Well, Dodo Bannerlane is really a bit of a fool," she said. "I see quite a lot of her, one way and another. She's — well, you know, the silly type. She probably had it coming to her. I think a woman who lets that sort of thing happen to her deserves it."

"You mean it's her fault?" Evelyn's eyes narrowed. Ah, she was thinking of herself and David!

"Yes," Zoe shrugged. "But it hardly matters now. He happens to be the man I told you was not expected to live."

"Good heavens!"

"You sound shocked. Do you — know them?"

"I don't. But I'm —" Evelyn limped away from the iron railing. "Well, I am shocked, Zoe. I'm shocked that, knowing the man was dying, you hadn't a moment's compassion for his wife."

Zoe felt a flash of discomfort which she tried not to show. "I — I've never really liked either of them," she said carefully. "But . . . one doesn't expect to like everybody one meets."

"No," Evelyn said, looking at her, "one doesn't."

The sudden breeze sprang up again and Evelyn caught at her scarf. Then it seemed to be plucked from her plump white hand, held over the courtyard for a moment, and dropped. It floated slowly down out of sight.

Zoe saw with horror that Evelyn's neck was terribly scarred. Momentary revulsion shook her. Evelyn pulled her collar up, holding it there with her hands.

"I'll get it!" Zoe gasped.

She was out of the door and running down the stairs. At last she could get away! There was something horrible about Evelyn. Not the scars. They were the outside indication of the scarring inside. Evelyn was no longer normal!

She would have to take the scarf back; Evelyn could not possibly manage the stairs, but nothing Evelyn could say would induce her to go into the flat again. She was sure now that Evelyn was going, in some way, to destroy her.

She reached the ground floor and hurried through the car entrance. There were lines of cars there; the scarf might be under any one of them. She searched breathlessly, and at last she saw it, caught against the handle of a small yellow car. The black fluttering gauze looked evil. She hurried forward, snatched it up, and darted away between the ranks. And then she saw the car. The Borgward. On the front seat lay Tom's dispatch case, with Tom's initials.

For a long moment she stood there, frozen. For a long, long moment. No, she need not have feared for her life on the balcony. Evelyn's hands were not strong enough, for one thing. But the gauzy scarf was strong enough. This was what Evelyn knew. This was what she had been engineering.

Each day a death . . .

She raised her head and looked up at the building. Evelyn was still there, leaning forward eagerly. The light, angled from below, gave her face a diabolic look.

"Did you get it, Zoe?" she called softly. "Did you get it?"

(Copyright)



CARNELIAN

THIS stone, with its vivid waxy lustre, sometimes has a filling of quartz crystals. It is a popular low-price gemstone and traditionally favored by carvers of many nations. When cut into thin sections it is translucent in appearance.

Roadmaking material in some country areas contains carnelian pebbles.

FINDING LOCALITIES—Tasmania: Mangalore, Cornelian Bay, Lymington, Southport. Queensland: Agate Creek, Nanango, Ipswich, Redcliffe. N.S.W.: Bellata, Narrabri, Nundle, Inverell, Peppy Beach.

PINK RHODONITE



PICTURE shows part of a massive piece from the Tamworth district weighing several pounds. Rhodonite occurs in reefs (surrounding areas are usually blackened by the presence of manganese). The color can vary from white to dense pink, and the characteristic black markings of manganese threaded through it are positive aids to identification. It is not very hard—it will scratch glass but can be scratched with a file

— and it is suitable for carving as well as for cabochons (gems cut and polished but not faceted). Rhodonite has been used for ashtrays, bowls, desk sets, cutlery handles, and various ornaments, as well as jewellery. Retail price of rough stone is not much more than 50 to 75 cents a pound.

FINDING LOCALITIES—W.A.: Hamersley Range. N.S.W.: Tingha, Broken Hill, Copeton, Bondemeer, Moonbi, Tamworth, Port Macquarie, Kempsey district. Tasmania: Beaconsfield. Queensland: Warwick.



AMETHYST

CRYSTALS at top left were found in W.A.—a recent discovery there has yielded large quantities. Amethyst, easily recognisable by its soft, attractive coloring, is sometimes found in old or existing stream beds. It is a birthstone (February), and good material is always in demand, but Australian amethyst may be bought for only \$3.75 a pound in the rough, and carved into ornaments as large even as bookends.

FINDING LOCALITIES — Victoria: Beechworth, Ovens district. N.S.W.: Oban, Broken Hill, Mittagong. Queensland: Anakie, Stanthorpe, Logan R., Rubyvale. W.A.: Antrim Plateau, Murchison R., Ashburton R., W. Sim Creek. Tasmania: Beaconsfield, Lefroy district.



TURQUOISE



AUSTRALIAN turquoise, blue to green, is paler than in most other countries and usually occurs in thin seams. To define it in an oversimplified way, it is a form of aluminium—it is found in veins in aluminous-rich rock and is composed of hydrous phosphate of aluminium, colored by copper phosphate and iron. It appears to favor dry climates. Flawless turquoise is rare; some of it is extremely porous and irregular in density but still takes a very good quick polish. Attractive contrasting

darker zones and tracery are sometimes present. Strong blues like the Persian or United States turquoise are rare. Retail value of rough stone: From \$30 an ounce. Turquoise is used for quality jewellery and ornaments; may be cut into cabochons, made into beads, or carved.

FINDING LOCALITIES — N.S.W.: Bodalla, Moruya, Murwillumbah. Queensland: Keppel Bay Rocks (near Rockhampton), Dayboro. Victoria: Bonalla, Whitfield, Edi (King River). Tasmania: Lefroy, Black Creek, Beaconsfield.

Rockhounds' treasure

● With amateur zeal, all over Australia, people are looking for gemstones. They are the spare-time lapidaries, the gem-hunters or "rockhounds," and their numbers have been increasing fast.

The pictures on these pages, and overleaf, are from a new book designed to help their search — "Australian Gemstones in Color," by N. and R. Perry (published in Sydney last month by A. H. and A. W. Reed, \$3.50).

The book has photographs of 41 kinds of gemstone, from agates to zircons. Other aids to identification are given; to take an example, tourmaline shows different colors when turned in the light, is hard enough to scratch glass, can't be scratched with a knife but can be scratched with emery, and sinks in a certain liquid and floats in another.

Localities where the gemstones have been found are also given.

Many rockhounds go to night classes to learn to make jewellery. For these enthusiasts, photographs in the book show brooches, bracelets, pendants, and so on made from the various stones. And for people who may buy rough stone from dealers, very approximate prices are indicated.



PREHNITE

BOOTH stones pictured are from Prospect, near Sydney. Prehnite may be bought retail for about \$1.50 a pound. It can be tumble-polished and fashioned into jewel cabochons or carved for book-



ends and souvenirs; and faultless stones may be faceted.

FINDING LOCALITIES — N.S.W.: Prospect, Western Australia: Comet Vale, Coolgardie, Mt. Palmer.



CHRYSTOPRASE

VARIES from white to deep green; may be carved into ornaments of great beauty or used in jewellery. Retail price, in the rough, \$3.50 to \$10 an ounce. Australia's finest chrysoprase has been mined at Marlborough, Queensland, since 1963, and large quantities have been sent to Asia.

FINDING LOCALITIES — N.S.W.: Beaches between Cookcliff and Kiama. W.A.: Comet Vale, Wingellina. Queensland: Marlborough.



AGATE

PEBBLES of agate are usually oval and two or three inches long. They may be completely filled with colored banded or patterned material or have a central cavity lined with crystals. Agate is one of the most popular stones worked by the amateur lapidary, and is widely used for pendants, brooches, cufflinks, and tie-bars. The slabs pictured were cut with a diamond saw and came from Queensland.

FINDING LOCALITIES — Queensland: Agate Creek, Gilberton, Etheridge, Chillagoe, Herberton, Murgon, Nerang R., Percyville, Longreach. N.S.W.: Bellata, Dubbo, Kiama, Kangaroo Valley, Cowriga, Gunningland, Gwydir R., Lake Coghlan, Hunter R., Maitland, Macintyre, Mt. Wingen, Narrabri, Oban, Wellington, Wollongong, Boggabri, Drake, Wee Waa, Bowring, Monaro, Singleton, Lismore, Murrumburrah, Berridale, Tweed R., Tingha, Moree. Victoria: Beechworth,



Springhurst, Glenrowan, Yandooit, Dorri-nallum, Casterton, Snowy R. Western Aust.: Mt. Herbert, Mt. Frank, Antrim Plateau, Agate Hill, Hall's Creek. Tasmania: Cornelian Bay, Lymington, Mangalore, Southport.



TOURMALINE IN QUARTZ

LOOK for colorless or smoky quartz, with inclusions of black tourmaline, in stream beds and in old mullock heaps. It is a six-sided crystal, although most of the crystals are broken. The stones can be tumble-polished, cut into cabochons, or used as specimens and collectors' pieces. Picture at top right shows tumble-polished stones which have been bell-capped, held with epoxy

resin. A gemstone for which this is sometimes mistaken is grass stone, also called Venus hair stone, or rutillated quartz, with tufts or fine needles of rutile in the rock crystal.

FINDING LOCALITIES for tourmaline in quartz — N.S.W.: Torrington, Murrumbidgee, Emmaville, Tingha.

BLUE AGATE

AUSTRALIA'S only known deposit of blue agate is on a private lease in Queensland, and the only other significant deposits occur in southern Africa. Large pieces may be carved, and good-quality slabs cut into cabochons of great beauty. Lessor-grade material may be tumble-polished. In picture at lower right, cabochons cut from Queensland blue agate are fitted into cufflink bases. The retail value in the rough is something like \$2.50 a pound.



There was no necessity for William to take French lessons
but quite suddenly he found himself signed up for a course



THE sign in the high-school lobby said Register For Adult Education In Room 23, and William strolled past it with his hands in his pockets. He had decided to take up woodworking and was not happy with the decision. But you had to do something with your evenings when you lived alone in a one-room apartment.

He was a little surprised to find Room 23 crowded. Were there that many lonely people in a town the size of Beckford? Impossible. Some of them, obviously, were signing up because they wanted to.

Then he noticed the girl.

She was about his own age, twenty-four, and a redhead, and beautiful. That was the only word for her. Just looking at her made William miserably aware of his own shortcomings in the glamor department—his big hands, big ears, and nose askew from football.

"Do you have a course in beginner's French?" the girl was saying to the man at the desk. She was very solemn about it.

The man said he had and wrote something on a card, which he gave to her. Walking out of the room, she clutched the card as though it were a treasure she had long dreamed of owning, like a ticket to Paris.

William changed his mind about woodworking. "Beginner's French," he said without hesitation when his own turn arrived.

"Don't I know you?" the man at the desk said. "Seen you somewhere, I'm sure."

"I work at Murray's. William Brickley."

"That's it—my car. You're in charge of service there."

The man's smile would have made William's boss happy indeed. "Thinking of going to France, are you?"

William smiled back. "Someone might bring in a French car." They both laughed, and William walked out.

Counting William and the gorgeous redhead—whose name, it turned out, was Miss Pamela Willoughby—there were only eleven students in the class. It certainly was a mixed group, though. Mr. and Mrs. Brucie were in their sixties and enthusiastically planning a vacation trip to Europe. Mr. Sanderson ran a clothing store and was writing a novel with a French heroine. Mr. Martin and Mr. Ciallo were parents of high-school students having French trouble.

The instructor, a Miss Susan Campbell, said, "There are so few of us, let's keep it informal, shall we?"

By all means, everyone said. Everyone but the redhead, who, to William's distress, was already concentrating fiercely on her book.

Informal it was. At Miss Campbell's suggestion, William and Mr. Ciallo brought two tables in from the school library, next door down the hall, and they sat around them. The redhead sat directly across from William, still deep in her book.

Disturbed about this, William forgot himself and read aloud too glibly. "You're very good at this, Mr. Brickley," Miss Campbell said.

"Beginner's luck," said William, feeling a wave of heat creep up from his collar. He would have to be more careful. It was not going to be easy to conceal the fact that he'd had three years of French in college.

The next time the class met, William forgot himself again. His mind was simply not on the lesson; it was on Pamela.

The others made a game of the class, but not Miss Pamela Willoughby. She didn't even smile.

Maybe it was his fault, William thought unhappily. Maybe she was aware of his interest and resented it.

So, when he missed his turn at reading and Miss Campbell spoke to him in French, he answered her in French. It was only a simple "Sorry" and no one seemed to notice it, but for a moment he held his breath. He would have to be more attentive.

After class he waited outside the building. Maybe Pamela Willoughby didn't have a car and he could offer her a lift. But she had one. She had a newer and much more expensive one than his own, and she drove it out of the parking lot without even a glance at him.

It became more and more obvious that the beautiful redhead had absolutely no interest in him, and he became careless a few times, but no one guessed the truth. Miss Campbell might say, "Good, Mr. Brickley!" or Mr. Ciallo might exclaim, "Listen to that, will you!" but they didn't suspect anything.

On the final evening, Pamela arrived late. She had come by bus, she explained; her car was laid up. It was tonight or never, William decided without much hope.

He was waiting by his car when Pamela came down the school steps. He drew a deep breath and set himself for the plunge. "Hi," he would say as casually as he could say it. "Can I give you a lift, Miss Willoughby?"

A car, sleek and black, purred into the parking lot. Miss Willoughby went straight to it, flashing a happy smile, and the driver—a man—leaned from the wheel to open the door for her. "Hello, darling," Pamela said, sliding on to the seat.

William gulped once, to swallow his unspoken offer of a lift, and was still standing there, watching the car move away, when another voice spoke at his elbow. "Well, there goes our Miss Willoughby with her fiancé," this other voice said cheerfully. "Two weeks from now they'll be married and in Paris."

"Paris?" William said lamely, only half aware that he was talking to Miss Campbell.

"His firm is sending him there."

"Oh," said William.

"Tell me," Miss Campbell said, prettily frowning at him. "You haven't worked in France, have you?"

"Me? Good grief, no."

"Well, never mind. I'll get the truth out of you eventually," Miss Campbell put her arm through his and was suddenly quite close to him. "Tonight I'll settle for a sandwich and coffee at a drive-in, unless you have something better in mind."

William looked at her in astonishment and became aware of something. Miss Campbell, he realised, was not a day older than he, and she was a girl. She was even a very pretty girl, with twinkling eyes and a lovely mouth and a figure any girl would be proud of. And all this time, all these weeks, he had thought of her only as a sort of secret agent who might discover his secret and expose him!

He became aware then of something even more startling. Miss Campbell had discovered his secret—probably weeks ago—and had not exposed him. She was under the impression he had signed up for her class because of her. Yet she was not annoyed.

William pulled himself together. In his fullback days he had been very quick at recovering fumbles, especially his own. He hadn't forgotten.

"I know just the restaurant where we can talk."

(Copyright)

By HUGH B. CAVE

ROCKHOUNDS' TREASURE— from page 33

Scratching Australia's surface

FOR a country which, aside from the opal, sapphire, and chrysoprase, has little note in the commercial world of gems, Australia has a surprisingly wide variety of precious and semi-precious stones. And the authors of "Australian Gemstones in Color" point out that large areas have yet to be prospected.

Mr. Ron Perry and his wife, Nance, are well-known Sydney gemmologists (he founded a Gemcraft Guild in the suburbs), and they have travelled many thousands of miles "on gemcraft safari," as they say.

They expect that the activities of the 48,000 members of the 106 lapidary clubs now in existence will reveal new gem fields and bring back to attention some that were found long ago but neglected.

Often the early pioneers did not attach any importance to their lesser discoveries, so finds were left unrecorded. Prospectors looking for rubies, diamonds, and opals spurned stones which are treasures to the amateur lapidaries of today.

Other finds, although duly reported, were too small in quantity or too remote to be profitable. But distance means little to the present-day amateur gem-hunter with his well-equipped car, camping gear, pan and sieves, magnifying glass, set of hardness pencils, and bottle of bromine.

The Perrys report that most of the gems found overseas occur in Australia, and some are of exceptionally fine quality. Our sapphires now rival the opal as a valuable export; our chrysoprase is ranked next only to these as a glamor stone; the Queensland agate is among the most colorful in the world.

The best ribbonstone, with its wonderful swirling patterns, is found deep inland in the Northern Territory. And the New England district of New South Wales offers exciting rewards to the amateur with its sapphires, topaz, smoky quartz, clear quartz, amethyst, grass stone, emerald, aquamarine, and diamonds.

Australian diamonds are too small for use as gemstones but are much in demand for industrial purposes. They were discovered first in a creek near Bathurst, N.S.W.; later in other parts of Australia.

So you might toss into the ragbag of memory the information that diamonds "have an oily appearance in the rough." And that only a diamond can scratch a rough sapphire; and that cornflower-blue sapphire could cost \$400 an ounce in the rough.

Practical information

And that "a red pebble is likely to be carnelian, jasper, or quartz." Carnelian is waxy; so is jasper, but it's not so translucent; and quartz is glassier than the others.

"Australian Gemstones in Color" is full of practical information like that.

The localities listed in the book are not guaranteed to yield gems to the casual visitor. They are simply places where gemstones have been reported at some time.

"Such is the whim of nature," the Perrys write, "that a recorded find may have been the only piece of such material ever to occur in the area. It may have been transported many miles by floods and land upheavals after erosion from the rocks in which it formed. On the other hand, a fortune may lie beneath one's feet."

In all their wanderings, Mr. and Mrs. Perry find themselves drawn back to the opal fields. They "make a pilgrimage" every year to Lightning Ridge, N.S.W., and are familiar with conditions at Coober Pedy, S.A., and Kynuna and Winton in Central Queensland.

They warn against badly equipped expeditions. On the road to Lightning Ridge they have seen 40 cars bogged in an afternoon. They confine their visits to the opal fields strictly to the months between April and September (summer temperatures can soar into the 120s), and they recall that in their latest visit to Coober Pedy they camped "20 miles to the north in a howling wind, on a flat, treeless plain of a million gibbers."

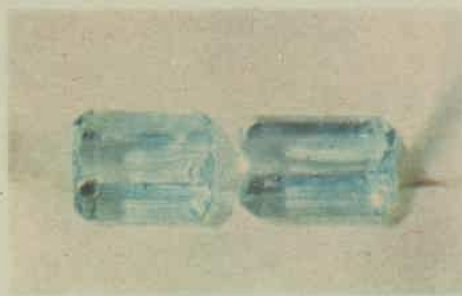
Australia, it is clear, has many stones left unturned.

— PETER HARDING

AQUAMARINE

ONE of the beryl family of gems (the emerald is another), aquamarines vary in color from pale blue to blue-green. The stone is a better conductor of heat than glass imitations and feels colder to the touch.

FINDING LOCALITIES — Northern Territory: Hart's Range, Jervois Range. Western Aust.: Wodgina, Yinnetharra, Spargoville, Peona, Melville, Jilbadji. N.S.W.: Emmaville, Broken Hill, Torrington, Glen Creek. Queensland: Chillagoe, Norberton, Stanthorpe, Mt. Isa.



JASPER

COMMONEST of all the gemstone materials worked by amateurs, jasper can be bought for as little as 75 cents a pound. Most lapidaries, of course, prefer to go out and get their own. It is found in many parts of Australia on the plains, in creek beds; and there is even a mountain of it in Queensland. The colors range through pink, yellow, orange, red, green, brown, and black; patterns are usually mixed and non-descript, although certain types of jasper have strikingly clear stripes.



PICTURE shows striped jasper from Mt. Isa, Queensland. Jasper is very hard and opaque. Large pieces can be sawn for lamp bases, slabbed for panelling.

SMOKY QUARTZ

WELL-FORMED crystals of smoky quartz are often found in creeks and rivers and old water-courses. Clear, flawless material may be faceted and used for quality jewelry and lower-grade stones tumble-polished. The stones at top right were found at Oban in the New England district of N.S.W.

FINDING LOCALITIES — N.S.W.: Emmaville, Mann R., Oban, Torrington, Bandemere, Tingha. Queensland: Anakie, Stanthorpe. Tasmania: Blue Tier, Cox Bight, Smithton, Mt. Cameron, Derby, Flinders Is., Gladstone. Victoria: Maldon.



OPAL

LIGHTNING RIDGE, N.S.W., is the home of the black opal. For some years after the discovery of this unique type, with its great depth and vibrancy of color, it was not accepted with favor, the authors of "Australian Gemstones" recall. With the increase in its popularity its value rose, until now the best stones are more valuable than diamonds. In this opal the brilliant colors are thrown up by a black or grey background in the stone itself. Some of the color patterns may be "pinfire," "harlequin flash," or in rolls. The most highly prized black opals are those which contain all the



colors of the spectrum and exhibit them fully when viewed from any direction. Top-quality black opal is priced at over \$300 per carat. Tourist or "mug" stones of lower grade can be bought on the field for from \$2.

MILK AND JELLY OPAL

OPAL is a plentiful substance and may be found in many parts of Australia. Common opal is white, grey, yellow, or black, and has little value. Few people, however, could fail to recognise precious opal, even when seeing it for the first time—a stone which changes from green to orange or red to blue as it is turned in the hand can only be opal. Jelly opal is clear with a watery appearance and shows faint streaks or flecks of blue, red, and green.



PICTURE shows a "parcel" of white or milk opal. Precious opal comes from Lightning Ridge, White Cliffs, and to a lesser extent Grawin and Angledool, in N.S.W., and Coober Pedy and Andamooka, in S.A. In parts of the Queensland outback boulder opal is found; dealers sell it at from \$6 a pound retail.

GOLD-LACE OPALITE

THIS type of stone has attractive dark-brown markings on a yellow-gold background. It occurs in large pieces at Coolgardie, Kalgoorlie, and Norseman, in Western Australia. For the attractive necklace and bracelet at right, tumble-polished stones were used. Another opalite, called blue moss, is found in desert country in Central Australia and W.A. It has fern-like markings on a white background of common opal (it also occurs with green or red markings).



With eighteen of us gathered together under the one family roof it was amazing that anyone could still call it the festive season

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF WHATCHAMACALLIT

BY WILL STANTON



WHEN I woke up, it was about four o'clock in the morning. "What is it?" I asked. "Who's there? What do you want?"

Maggie turned over in her bed. "Huh?" she said. "What's the matter?"

"I heard footsteps," I said. "I think somebody's in the hall."

I could feel the bed move as she propped herself up on one elbow. "There are eighteen people in this house, counting everybody," she said. "Of course, there's somebody in the hall. Go to sleep." She settled back under the covers.

I held my breath, listening. There wasn't a sound from the hall. Whoever was out there must be standing still—waiting. Well, I thought, let him wait. It was all in the family. "Just what did you mean, 'counting everybody'?" I asked.

"What?" Maggie said. She sounded more wide-awake than she wanted to be.

"You said there were eighteen people, counting everybody. Why shouldn't you count everybody? Who would you leave out?"

"For heaven's sake," she said. "We didn't get to bed until two o'clock."

"Whose fault was that?" I asked her. "It wasn't my idea to wrap all those packages at the last minute."

"All right, let's not argue. In another hour, the kids will be up."

"They're up already. That's what I was trying to tell you. I heard one in the hall."

"Oh, please!" She turned over. "Won't you just shut up and go to sleep?"

"Certainly," I said, "I'll shut up, if that's what you want. Gladly." If that was her idea of the Christmas spirit, she could keep it.

Maggie and her two sisters and their mother are the greatest promoters of Christmas cheer in the country. Every year, it's over the hill to Grandmother's house for Brad and Reba and their two kids, Roy and Shirley and their four, and Maggie and me with our three. Together with Gran and Gramps and Aunt Libby, it makes eighteen under one roof.

And Maggie and her sisters are convinced that this situation is normal, healthy, and desirable. There's nothing like a good old-fashioned Christmas,

they tell one another. Then they mention all the people they know who turn the affair into a Roman holiday, and they shake their heads and click their tongues and look pleased with themselves. No Roman who ever lived could have survived one of the old-fashioned Christmases I go through every year.

When I woke up at 5.30, Maggie was gone. Our seven-year-old, Sammy, was poking me in the ribs and eating a jelly doughnut. "Cut it out," I said. "What are you here for? What do you want?"

He thought for a minute. "You're supposed to get up. Mum said so."

"OK. Tell her I'm up."

He wasn't satisfied. "Come on. Mum said if you didn't get up right away, she'd send in the rest of the kids."

I pushed back the covers and sat up. "Take your sticky doughnut with you and get out," I said. I put on my slippers and dressing-gown.

Christmas morning at Gran's, you can wear a dressing-gown for juice and coffee and the stockings. Then everybody gets dressed, and we have our regular breakfast and the presents. This is only a broad outline. The actual ceremony is about as involved as a coronation.

The grown-ups were at the dining-room table, and the kids were in the kitchen, where they could be kept under guard. I poured myself a cup of coffee.

"Hurry up, can't you?" Maggie said. "The kids can't stand it much longer."

"Have some coffee-cake," Gran said. "There isn't that much rush."

"Take your time," Gramps said. "Have two pieces." He lit a cigar. It was 5.40 a.m.

"Just the coffee, thanks," I said.

"Better take the coffee-cake," Brad said. "It's traditional, you know."

I knew. The recipe had been handed down in Maggie's family for generations. It had pieces of citron in it and something else—pine needles, I think.

Brad wasn't eating any of the coffee-cake. He was having a cigarette, two aspirins, and black coffee with a brandy float. This is his traditional Christmas breakfast. I recommend it.

The women were reviewing the events of the night and early morning. Reba had heard something and thought one of the kids might be sick. It turned out that Shirley had wanted to turn up the thermostat, but couldn't find it in the dark. While they were talking, Georgie and Roy, jun., woke up and thought it was Santa Claus and came to investigate. It took quite a bit of persuading to get them back to bed.

Meanwhile, Brad came out in the hall and wanted to know what the dickens was going on. The two women decided that as long as they were up, they might as well finish the egg-nog ice-cream. Shirley woke up Roy to see if he'd like some. He said sure he would. Then Gran came out to see what all the commotion was about. And so on. This sort of thing goes on every year.

Every few seconds, one of the kids would want to know if it wasn't time yet, and all the women would glare at me because I hadn't finished my coffee. They were more eager to get started than the kids were.

"You don't have to wait for me," I said. "Coffee isn't that important."

There was a great deal of shuffling and chattering, and somebody went in to turn on the tree lights. Then the kids were let loose, and the adults trailed after them.

I won't try to describe the scene. I suppose everybody has been involved with a suburban family Christmas at some time or other. It was a chapter from Dickens multiplied by One Man's Family. It was what Aladdin's genie might have accomplished if he'd had enough charge accounts.

The kids stampeded to the fireplace and tore down the stockings. Somebody handed me my stocking, and I began taking the things out of it. I am no good at this and never have been. For some reason, emptying a Christmas stocking makes me feel self-conscious and defensive. I'm not very happy about gathering Easter eggs, either.

I looked at Gramps. He would take an orange and some candy out of his stocking and put them on the floor beside his chair. Then he would take out some small item, like a key chain or a small

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● Burmese Buddha

ENCLOSED is a picture (above) of a wooden Buddha I recently bought. It is 21in. high and the "spire" lifts out of the head like a cork. The previous owner believes it to be very old, originally coming from Burma, toward the Thai border. Can you tell me anything about its origin and age? — Mrs. S. J. Winspear, Bicheno, Tas.

Unfortunately, without personal inspection I cannot possibly give an approximate date of your somewhat sophisticated Buddha. This carved Burmese Buddha appears to show some traces of yellow pigment — or is it gold leaf?

Produced in the 18th-century manner, similar specimens have been made until quite recent times.

* * *

I WOULD be obliged if you could tell me something about this clock (picture enclosed). It has been in my family for at least 60 years. — J. J. Alton, Gladesville, N.S.W.

By your picture this fine 19th-century skeleton clock enclosed beneath a glass dome is approximately one hundred years old. The pendulums of earlier examples are usually suspended from a silk cord known as a silk suspension cord.

It was during the last quarter of the 18th century that the master horologists made clocks of this type for the first time and this inspired the inventiveness and aesthetic judgment of future clockmakers or artisans who primarily considered the utilitarian purpose of the timepiece.

OUR TRANSFER



THREE pretty floral designs to brighten linens are from Embroidery Transfer No. 196. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price: 15c plus 5c for postage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 3, 1968

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

CAN you tell me the age of a silver-plated tray which has been in our family for many years? It is very heavy and is 22 inches wide (apart from the handles) and 18 inches deep. Markings on the back read "Made in England for Thos. Webb & Son, Melbourne, Re. No. 67729," and on the side are the numbers 3036. Handles and edge have a heavily raised pattern. — "Interested," Yelarbon, Qld.

The tray was made about 1887-1890.

I HAVE in my possession a Dresden figurine approximately 12in. high (pictured at right). I would appreciate your opinion on its origin and value. The trademark is 600 with the figure 10 beneath it. — Mrs. Grace Hudson, Geelong, Vic.

This attractive Dresden ornament depicting a cupid supporting a shell-designed dish encrusted with naturalistic flowers and fruit was made about 1870 to 1880.

● Dresden ornament



Taste this delicious delightful way to make simple salads scrumptious

New MIRACLE WHIP* Salad Dressing. Matchless in mildness, flavour and delicacy. Whipped by a special process until it's light and supremely creamy. Typically Kraft, tastefully yours.



The best-tasting salad dressings always come from



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notebook, and put it on the table beside him. He didn't say anything or change his expression, just kept puffing on his cigar. When the stocking was about half empty, he looked at his watch and went over and switched on the television set.

"What in heaven's name do you think you are doing?" Gran asked him.

"The first program starts at six," he said. "It's five to now." It takes something more than Christmas to upset Gramps' routine.

Aunt Libby is better at emptying a stocking than anyone I've ever seen. She exclaimed over every walnut and every piece of hard candy. She wasn't putting any of it on, either. When she got the hairnet and the talcum powder, she really was dumbfounded.

"Lavender has always been my favorite," she said to the room at large. She held the can up to the light. "Made in Altoona, Pennsylvania," she said. Sometimes she doesn't finish with her stocking until after dark, and she doesn't get all her presents unwrapped until the twentieth or twenty-seventh.

I can't do it. I can't think of anything to say about a package of razor blades except things like "They were look sharp" or "They're just the right size." Things like that.

Brad came over to where I was sitting. He looked around, to make sure he wouldn't be overheard. "Listen," he said, "have you ever stepped on a tangerine barefoot?"

"No, I haven't," I said. "Have you?"

He looked around him again. "I hope so," he said, and moved away.

The children had finished with their stockings by now and were impatient to get at the big presents. But first, everybody had to get dressed and eat breakfast. While I was waiting for a chance at the bathroom, I lay down on the bed just to rest my eyes. I couldn't sleep. Why on earth would anybody want to step on a tangerine?

After a while, I located Brad in the hall. "I've been thinking over that little conversation we had in the living-room," I said.

He nodded. "You know how crowded it was in there. The kids had stuff scattered all over the floor. Well, I was crossing the room, and I stepped on a piece of wrapping paper, and there was something under it that squashed. It seemed about the right size and shape for a tangerine, but I'd never stepped on one barefoot before, so I didn't know."

"I see." "I checked on it a couple of minutes ago, and that's what it was, all right — a tangerine." He turned and started to walk away.

"Brad," I said. "If it hadn't been a tangerine, what did you think it might be?"

He shook his head. "I didn't think about it. It's not the sort of thing you dwell on."

For a number of years at Gran's, I've had this uncanny feeling that somebody's eyes were on me. And now I'm pretty sure I know who it is. It's Picasso. He's been making sketches.

After breakfast, everybody went back to the tree. There was supposed to be a system for handing out presents, but it never worked. After the first two or three minutes, it was every kid for himself.

"I don't see why this has to be a shambles every year," I said to Maggie.

"How else can you manage it?" she asked. She turned to Jeannie, our 11-year-old. "That's a lovely sweater, dear," she said. "Who gave it to you?"

"I don't know," Jeannie said.

"Wasn't there a card?" Jeannie rummaged through the wrapping paper and ribbon and finally came up with three cards. One said, "Jeannie from Gran"; one, "Jeannie from Santa"; the third, "Sally Lou from Aunt Reba and Uncle Brad." Sally Lou is Shirley and Roy's oldest girl.

"How did that card get there?" Maggie asked. "Sally Lou is way across the room."

"You must have opened one of her presents by mistake," I said.

"Which one?" Jeannie asked.

"Damn it all, how would I know?"

"That's right," Maggie said, "swear at your own very daughter. And on Christmas morning, too."

I went to the kitchen. Roy was sitting at the table, eating cornflakes. I got a cup of coffee and sat down. "What ever happened to the old-fashioned Christmas?" I asked.

"What old-fashioned Christmas?"

"The kind you see on Christmas cards. Where a kid gets a pair of skates or a sled. Have you seen the presents the kids have been getting in there? Hair-driers, tape-recorders, record-players. Where is it going to end? Next year motor-boats, pet elephants."

"My father was a poor man without much education," Roy said, "but he said one thing I'll never forget. 'The king may lose his crown, and the rich man may lose his gold. But the humble man with a loyal wife and a big family has got nothing to lose.'"

I told him I'd remember that. The cereal-bowl philosopher.

Meanwhile, back at the tree: All the big presents had been opened by this time. Brad had a movie camera. Shirley had a hi-fi. Maggie and I had agreed not to exchange presents this year. After all, we were mature persons and didn't require any

DECK THE HALLS WITH BOUGHS OF WATCHMACALLIT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

had fallen down. "Wait till they see this at the Cannes Film Festival," he said. "We'll show them the Italians don't have any monopoly on indoor films." He turned the camera on Sammy and Roy, jun., who had started to mix it up over a plastic Tommy-gun.

"That's the spirit," Brad said to them. "I want to see some action."

They stopped fighting and looked at each other sort of sheepishly and walked off in opposite directions.

Brad shrugged. "You never know how people are going to react to a camera, do you?" He went to the kitchen, where Gran was stacking the dishes. "Don't pay any attention to me," he said, holding the camera up to his eye. "Go on as if I weren't here."

She dropped a glass. "Take that thing out of here," she said, smoothing her hair and straightening her collar. "I don't want my picture taken." With regally casual movements, she adjusted the butter dish and knocked a box of cereal off the table. "Now, get out of here, Brad. I mean it."

I found Maggie in the living-room. "Aren't we going to have a cocktail before lunch?"

She looked at me thoughtfully. "It's only nine o'clock." "Are you sure?" I asked. "Yes," she said. "We're going to have the family picture. Go and put on a tie."

When I came back with the tie, I found the picture had been postponed.

"Aunt Libby has lost her upper plate," Maggie said. "What did you do with all the ribbons and papers you picked up?"

"I took them out to the incinerator. What has that got to do with Aunt Libby?"

"You may have taken her teeth by accident. They were wrapped in tissue paper. She wanted them for the family picture. That's when she

driveway. "There's nobody in sight," he said rather shortly.

"Oh, he won't show up today. He and his wife are in Mexico. They're down there swimming and drinking tequila and taking siestas."

"They're probably all sun-burned," Brad said, "and fighting mosquitoes. Look on the bright side."

"You're right," Roy said. "At least here the mosquitoes aren't bad."

I watched Brad examine a piece of paper and put it back in the incinerator. A minute later, Roy checked the same paper. "We're going at this all wrong," I said. "We keep looking at the same papers over and over. We're never going to find any teeth that way."

"That makes sense to me," Brad said.

Roy nodded. "I'll buy it." "From now on," Brad said, "don't put any paper back in the incinerator. Put it on the ground."

With the new system, it didn't take five minutes to go through all the papers. But we didn't find any teeth.

"Well," Brad said, "we did our best. That's all anybody can do."

We thought about that for a while, and then we went back into the house. It turned out that Aunt Libby's plate hadn't been lost, after all. She had left it under her pillow.

"Didn't it occur to anybody to let us know?" I asked Maggie.

"I was going to send one of the children out to tell you," she said, "but they were playing so nicely."

"Don't be so grumpy," Shirley said. "The fresh air was good for you."

"Take your coats off," Reba said. "We're all ready for the picture."

We always have the picture taken in front of the tree. The children were in the front row, lined up according to

Mr. Waldrup had been taking a nap and appeared to be somewhat confused as well as irritable. He didn't understand the camera and had trouble focusing. "How do you expect to get such a damned big group in a little camera like this?"

"The size of the camera isn't important," Brad explained. "You see, the group is never actually in the camera. That is an old native superstition that modern science has discredited."

Reba put her hand over his mouth. "Maybe if you moved back a little," she suggested to Waldrup.

Waldrup stepped back, crunching through a plastic

FROM THE BIBLE

● Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.

— Ephesians 6: 10.

racer and a set of doll dishes. We compressed the kids into a chump, and the adults tilted toward the centre, with frozen smiles. Waldrup snapped the shutter and nothing happened. The flashbulb didn't go off. Reba got a couple of other bulbs. They didn't work, either.

"They were left over from last year," Gran said. "They're probably stale. We'll have to send one of the men to get some fresh ones."

Brad was given careful instructions on how to get to the only store in town that sold flashbulbs at Christmas. "Better pick up a couple of loaves of bread while you're there," Gran told him.

"And milk," Maggie said. "We're almost out."

"It beats me," Brad said. "You women plan and prepare for this weeks ahead, and every year you run out of bread and you run out of milk. Have you noticed that?"

Roy said he'd noticed. I said I'd noticed.

"For heaven's sake, get going," Reba said.

In about half an hour, he was back with the bulbs. Gran called Mr. Waldrup, and he came over, and we got everybody posed, and Mr. Waldrup snapped the picture, and the flashbulb didn't go off.

"Did you get new batteries?" Gramps asked.

"I got flashbulbs and two loaves of bread and a gallon of milk," Brad said. "Nobody mentioned batteries."

"Well, that's your trouble right there."

Mr. Waldrup put on his galoshes and his muffler and his hat and coat and gloves and stamped down the back steps, waving his arms and talking to himself. You could hear him all the way down the street.

"He's beginning to show his age," Gran said. "He's been getting awfully grouchy lately."

Roy volunteered to go and get the batteries. In about twenty minutes, he called from a phone booth. He was lost. Shirley asked him where he was. He said if he knew that, he wouldn't be lost.

Then she asked him where the phone booth was. He said it was all around him. Shirley handed the phone to Gramps. "I think it's psychosomatic," she said. "I don't think he wants to be found."

Gramps finally got him straightened out, and he came home with the batteries.

Gran started dialling the phone. "You calling Waldrup again?" Brad asked her.

She looked surprised. "He's our closest neighbor. After all, if you can't ask a neighbor for a favor, what can you do?"

"I don't know," Brad said. "I expect Waldrup could give you some interesting answers."

This time, the camera worked. It seemed to me that

after that everything went a little smoother, or maybe it was just that my memory stopped registering. I do recall eating, and I've always said that if you can make it through Christmas dinner, you're all right. The rest of the way is downhill.

The kids have pretty much fought themselves out by then. The men sit around in easy chairs, smoking gift cigars and watching the sugarplums as the TV people have prepared as a holiday treat.

The women roam through the rooms restlessly, picking up string and eating salted nuts. On this occasion, they made quite a point of ignoring Brad. After a day of piquant smiles, of graceful, flowing motions, and of keeping their best side to the movie camera, they found out he didn't have any film in it.

Roy was examining the electric carving knife somebody had given him. "I wonder what they'll think of next," he said.

"That's easy," Brad said. "It is?"

"Sure. An electric fork. You hold the knife still, and the turkey goes back and forth."

"I see."

"It was just a thought."

"Just barely," Roy said.

I've noticed that the thoughts most people have about Christmas are hardly worth putting down. It's supposed to be the season for elevated thinking and spiritual examination. But the people I know spend most of their time thinking about fruitcake and flashlight batteries. There's no question that this is more elevated than thinking about counterfeiting or arson; but is this enough?

You keep hearing complaints that Christmas is becoming more and more commercial. We spend more on Christmas than anything else except national defence, and we've darned near closed that gap. Each year, we tell ourselves that this year we're going to be sensible; but nobody believes it.

Maggie was passing by. I pulled her down on the arm of my chair.

"Well, well," she said. "Why do we do it?" I asked her. "All this stuff. We say it's for the children, but does it really mean that much to them? I've seen more fighting today and more crying —"

She shrugged. "You can't judge it all by what happens today. Anticipation is just as important — they're really been looking forward to it for weeks, and when they look back, they'll remember only the good parts. It all blends into a kind of nostalgic glow." "Fine," I said. "And I want the record to show that when it comes to extravagance and uncontrolled spending, nobody is less concerned than I."

"Well, good —"

"All I want to know is why Christmas keeps getting bigger and brighter and more expensive every year."

"You can like it or not, but that's the way it is," said Maggie.

"I'm not arguing," I said, "but some people say that we have forgotten the Christmas spirit, that we're more interested in dollars than in things like peace and goodwill."

"Do they really?" Maggie sat up straight on the arm of the chair, and then leant over to kiss me on the forehead. "In case I forget to tell you — Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas," I said. I guess I'd have to say the day was a success. Everybody had more than enough to eat and drink and wear and use. Aunt Libby found her teeth. The children were provided with plenty of nostalgia. The bank agreed to renew my overdraft. And, as Roy said, the mosquitoes weren't bad.

(Copyright)

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



material proof of our affection for each other.

I gave her a transistor and she gave me a new set of golf clubs.

"I'm glad we decided to be sensible this year," I said to Maggie.

"Your old clubs were so awful," she said.

"After all, it's time adults started acting like adults," I said.

Aunt Libby still had her packages stacked beside her. She was about halfway through her stocking. She took out a small desk calendar. "Made in Toronto, Canada," she said happily. "The finest calendars in the world come from there."

Brad was having a good time with his movie camera, taking people by surprise, catching them in awkward positions.

"I'm not interested in the old home movies," he said. "I'm going to concentrate on making this an art film." He aimed the camera at Shirley, who was standing on a chair, hanging up some holly that

found out they were gone. So you'd better put on your coat and go out to the incinerator and look through those papers."

"It's cold out there," I said. "Furthermore, it's snowing. Why can't Aunt Libby keep her teeth in her mouth, like other people? Or at least put them in her pocket?"

"Don't be disagreeable," Maggie said. "How would you like it if you were old and didn't have any family?"

I didn't know. At times, it seemed as if it might be a good idea. I managed to persuade Roy and Brad to come out and help look. We stood there in the snow at the incinerator, fishing out all the pieces of paper, to see if there were any teeth inside.

After about ten minutes, Roy said, "There's a fellow at the office who always has a funny answer for everything. I was thinking if he should come along now, he'd probably ask us what we were doing. And we'd tell him."

Brad looked down the

height. Reba thought they should be arranged according to families. "It looks so artificial to have them like steps," she said.

"That's how we've done it every year," Shirley said.

Every year, there is a clash between tradition and innovation. It is this tension, I think, that gives the occasion a great deal of its warmth. Jeannie insisted on wearing her new sweater. Sally Lou insisted on wearing her new hair-dryer. Georgie wanted to wear his new skis. He was voted down. Gran phoned Mr. Waldrup, from next door, to come over and take the picture.

"He seemed surprised," she said after she had hung up. "Didn't he take our family picture last year?"

"No," Shirley said. "Don't you remember? You were going to call him, but then the Western Union boy came by, and we asked him."

"Took a lousy picture, too," Brad said. "I remember I wrote to the company afterward."

● Twelve-year-old Carol Kift wrote the following story, "Puppy Love," as a holiday task last year while in Form II at Horsham High School in Victoria. It got full marks. The story is about Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff, the puppies whose adventures appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Carol lives with her parents in Kay Street, Traralgon, Vic. Her cat, Jingle Bells, was a present for her fifth birthday, but she has never had a dog. Her favorite pet is pony Blinkie. She has won ribbons for horse-riding.



CAROL KIFT, aged 12, with her pet cat, Jingle Bells.

Chapter 1 THE RUNAWAYS

THEIR mother's name was Muffie, and when her three puppies were born they were called Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff. They were all exactly the same, with black heads, white muzzles, and white front legs. They had black tights on their hind legs and tails.

One day they happened to hear their master and mistress talking to one another and saying: "Now that the pups are six weeks old, we'll have to advertise in the paper that they are for sale. It's nearly Christmas and they'll make lovely presents for boys and girls."

Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff ran to their mother and asked her if they would all be going to live with another family. Muffie told them nobody would buy three puppies, who would chew up three times as many slippers and socks as one puppy.

The puppies were very upset about this and decided to have a conference about how they could all stay together. Under the house they went to make their plans. A little while later Muffie saw her family coming toward her looking very serious. They told her they did not want to be separated from each other, and although they hated to leave her, they had decided to run away before someone came to buy each of them.

"Well, children," said Muffie, "you know that people feed you and look after you. If you're on your own you'll have to work for your tucker. But if you really want to go, take your dog licences with you and you won't get into trouble with the dog-catcher. Don't forget your old mother. Goodbye, Wuff. Goodbye, Snuff. Goodbye, Tuff."

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Chapter 2 FREEDOM

THE three puppies kissed their mother and tiptoed off across the lawn to the front gate. They squeezed their fat little tummies under the lowest bar of the gate and marched boldly down the street.

"Let's forget this job idea," said Tuff. "That's what grown-ups always tell you. Let's have a look at the big world."

At the end of the street they came to a playground. It was school holidays, and lots of children were swinging and sliding and having fun playing games. When they saw the puppies they ran to pet them and make a fuss of them.

The puppies were delighted and thought this was much better than being behind that big gate at home. When the children went home to lunch Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff trotted off again looking for more adventures.

"Isn't the world wonderful," they all agreed. "It's not a bit like Mummy said it would be," said Snuff. "Wuff, wuff, wuff."

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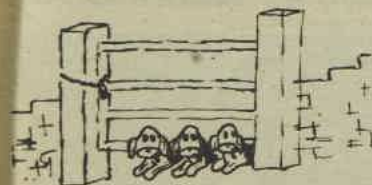
Chapter 3 ALL ALONE

THE puppies came to the shops. "Yum, yum, I smell meat," said Wuff.

"Me, too," said Tuff. "Let's have a look."

They poked their little noses into a butcher's shop, but the moment the butcher saw them he grabbed a broom and chased them away.

by TIM



● The sketches are those with which Carol illustrated her book, the cover of which is also reproduced on this page. Below is this week's adventures of Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 3, 1968

"Golly, that was a close call," yelped the pups.

They were getting pretty hungry now, and when one of them saw a big, juicy bone, plenty for three, in somebody's backyard, they ran through the open gate without stopping to think that the bone might be another dog's dinner. They were just sinking their teeth into it when up rushed a big, black dog, barking furiously.

"Hop it, you kids, go find your own bone," he growled.

The puppies tore off down the street with the black dog after them and the bone held in three sets of little teeth. Not knowing their way about, they ran up a dead-end, and the big dog caught up with them. When he saw how young they were, he asked them did they need a job so they could earn their own bones, because he knew a rich family whose house was often being



robbed and he thought the people might need some watchdogs. He gave them the address, and off they set.

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Chapter 4 ON THE JOB

THE family at 44 Pingpong Street were pleased to have three dogs to guard the place, and they gave the puppies a square meal before they started work.

It was the longest night Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff had ever lived through. It was very,

very dark, and they kept barking at shapes in the garden. Once they thought they heard a burglar and they all ran and hid in the laundry.

"I don't like being a watchdog," said Wuff. "Anyway, they didn't give us our watches. Let's go and ask Blackie what to do now."

They found their way back to Blackie and told him they were not suited to being watchdogs, and did he have any other ideas. Blackie suggested going out into the country and getting jobs on a farm.

"There are lots of jobs for dogs on farms," he told them. "Here's a bone to nibble on the way. Goodbye kids, and good luck."

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Chapter 5 THE WAY HOME

IT was springtime, wattles were in bloom along the highway, and the grass beside the road was springy under the pads of their feet.

Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff turned up a side road and trotted toward a lake in the distance. A shot rang out and the scared pups dived into a bush. Looking out, they saw a man with a gun. They ran up behind him and tugged at his trousers. When he turned round and saw the pups they were sitting in a row with their front paws up, begging.

"Hullooo, little fellows," he said. "Wouldn't you be good in a comic strip. How would you like to be my models?"

"Wuff, wuff, wuff," they barked happily.

"That sounds like Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff," said the man. "That's what I'll call you. My name is Tim and I draw for the *Women's Weekly*. Hop in the car and we'll go home for lunch."

After lunch the puppies wrote a letter to their mother, Muffie, saying:

Dear Mum,

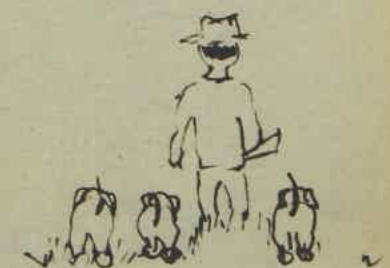
We have got a master called Tim. He is his model dog and he is going to draw us for the *Women's Weekly*. When your mistress buys the *Women's Weekly*, look in it for our adventures.

Love from,
Your three puppies,
Wuff, Snuff, Tuff.

That is how Wuff, Snuff, and Tuff got their permanent job.

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THE END



THE KING'S ROAD, IN FIJI

(With some remarks about the Queen's Road)



THIS PEAK was photographed toward sunset, on the King's Road, Viti Levu, Fiji.

I'M pretty sure those who know Fiji well will agree that it is, collectively, a tough bunch of islands.

For, besides Viti Levu, the Great Land, which every tourist knows, there are many other large islands off the beaten track, to say nothing of hundreds of smaller ones—the Ringolds, the Mamanucas, the splendid Yasawas that rise like mountains from the sea, and so on.

And I'm dead certain that the American, his wife, and two boys whom we took off one of these islands in the trimaran, after they'd been trapped by the tide, will agree with me, too.

Safe home in San Francisco, they might laugh at it now. But it wasn't funny then. That island had them licked. And it wasn't what I'd call one of the tough ones.

But to be quite fair in this matter of toughness, let us take a look at the big fellow, Viti Levu. A good, hard look—especially at the great

mountains that frown down through the drifting cloud.

Seen from an aircraft flying in from the New Hebrides to Nandi, the mountain backbone and lateral ridges of Viti Levu lift out of the blue Pacific like a great sprawling cloud tinged by the setting sun to russet hues.

No jungle here; that comes later when you're driving your car around to Suva, from Lautoka through Ba, Tavua, Rakiraki, and Nausori along the King's Road in the north. For there lies the wet side of the island.

Here, on the western side, are the canefields and sugar mills, reminiscent of Queensland's far north during the crush.

I had my first glimpse of the Queen's Road, which runs round the south of the island, from the aircraft as we flew in over the white line of foam that marked the outer reef, the blue, translucent lagoon, the strip of white sand along the shore.

Obviously it was a gravel road, and from that height

it looked like a thread of yellow-brown that wound and twisted through the tumbled hills like a rivulet.

There were 330 miles of road altogether encircling Viti Levu, and our car was awaiting us at Lautoka, 20-odd miles from Nandi.

I wanted to see all of it, both King's and Queen's Roads, and, after a few days' cruising in the Yasawas, see it I did!

At nine o'clock sharp on Saturday morning the Fijian boy knocked on the hotel door and announced that the car was waiting below. It was a smart little station wagon, and my wife and I were delighted with it.

My intention was to drive the 170 miles from Lautoka to Suva that day by way of the King's Road.

This north route follows the coast to Rakiraki, about 100 miles from Suva, where it runs inland across the mountains.

So much for intentions! I had not reckoned with those mountains or the road over them.

I realise now that those helpful people in Lautoka who had told me—quite inadequately—about the road never guessed I would be travelling over it at night.

But then, neither did I.

Had we left Lautoka then and there we would—perhaps—have reached Suva in daylight. But it is impossible not to linger in Fiji's second-largest town, especially on Saturday morning, which is market day in all Fiji.

We browsed through the duty-free shops along Vitogo

the caste mark and colorful saris of every hue.

It was well after midday when we pulled out of Lautoka on to the King's Road, waved on by a white-gloved Fijian constable, whose bare legs shone like copper below the serrated *sulu*.

Bitumen has not been spread with a lavish hand on Fijian roads. There is 19 miles of it from Nandi to Lautoka, and a few more on the road to Ba.

We were soon on the gravel, and we stayed on it for the next 150 miles or so, except for the strips laid through every native village.

It was loose stuff, on which it was easy to roll, but over which the Indian drivers took their big, jam-packed buses and taxis at a nonchalant 50 mph.

Buses are ubiquitous in Viti Levu. They run between Lautoka and Suva on the King's Road, and between Suva and Nandi on the Queen's Road, and stop at all towns and villages between.

Next to walking (and

there are always people walking along Fijian roads by day and night) they are the most common form of locomotion.

Invariably they are driven by Indians, who seem obsessed by the desire to reach their destination in the shortest possible time, regardless of the odds.

They drive like fiends, but they drive well and they know their roads—and their passengers!

It took me some time to become used to the recurring presence of these pink-hued monsters behind me. (Pink is a much-favored color with the Indian population.)

I was sitting on a steady 40 mph and thought I was doing well, when out of the dustcloud behind me would loom the blunt snout I soon came to know so well. In the rear-vision mirror I watched it coming, inexorable as time, and flash by with a roar and spatter of gravel.

The bus passengers thought it was great. So did I. I enjoyed watching those faces grinning down at me.

Packed in as their owners

By

R. A. Moncrieff

Parade, remarkable for its single uniform row of stately palms (not coconut but *Cocos plumosa* from Africa).

We spent far too much time wandering through the open-air markets, rubbing shoulders with Fijians, Chinese, Indians, turbaned Sikhs, a few Europeans, and Indian women all wearing



AUTHOR Mr. R. A. Moncrieff, of Toowoomba, Queensland, with his station wagon.

PART of the northern coast of Viti Levu, (above) as seen from the King's Road.

"Now you've done it," teased my wife

were, I am quite sure that head movement was the only bodily change of position left for them.

I soon became reconciled to the awareness that we would not reach Suva before nightfall. There was too much to assimilate.

Loaded cane trucks drawn by long-horned Indian cattle; the beautiful Indian mosque at Ba; enchanting vistas of palm-fringed bays and islands set in a turquoise, tranquil sea; Fijian villages tucked away in the hills and along the coast; and a mekki (celebration or ceremony) at Tavua all took their toll of time.

It was well after three o'clock when we pulled in to lovely Rakiraki with its magnificent backdrop of emerald, jungle-clad mountains. And there was still about 100 miles to go.

I had no misgivings. So far, despite the loose gravel and the small vehicle that persisted in trying to slide over it, the going had been pretty good along the coast.

But what lay behind gave no promise of what lay ahead.

We had our afternoon tea at Rakiraki and pushed on.

The mountains were closing in, and rivers began to appear through the lush undergrowth.

Up on a ridge a signpost brought me to an abrupt stop. Banisosoqo Road. I made a note of it, because here is a word that deserves recognition.

Moreover, it is pronounced quite differently from the spelling. In Fijian, a Melanesian dialect, the "q" is pronounced "ng-g". So here, at any rate, there is a lot to a name.

Here in the mountains, where the soil is rich and the taro and cassava flourish, the native villages became more numerous. Never a one did we pass through without a wave and white-toothed smile.

I forgot the name of the village we left behind as darkness set in. But I remember the one after it, perched on the top of a ridge—Milambi.

I ran off the road near Milambi. Or, rather, the road ran away from me. By now it had changed character completely. It wound and unwound; reiterative and protracted, these windings are known here as bends.

Ditch, darkness

Each bend is saucer-shaped, or dished, as in a speedway. The angle varies, but nothing under 30 degrees, and at the approach one braces oneself instinctively for the run-in.

One moment we were hugging the wall on our left, with a two-foot-deep ditch almost under the wheels, and hoping the other fellow would keep well to the left.

The next we were tilted over to a corresponding angle to the right, and found ourselves leaning away involuntarily from the maw of darkness that gaped so close alongside.

Altogether, when one became accustomed to it, the experience was somewhat

reminiscent of taking a boat through the beam sea. The only difference was that whereas the sea remains constant, I had to keep looking for that confounded road which persisted in playing hide-and-seek with the little station wagon.

Then the thing happened. I don't know how, but there we were making strange sounds together in the front seat and staring disbelievingly at the wall of earth and grass into which the wagon had plunged its left headlamp and fender.

One wheel hung over a two-foot-deep ditch, the other rested on the edge of the road, which had swung away abruptly to the right in the nearest right-angle you ever saw.

The other headlamp still burned. The yellow grass reflected the glow, which shone on my wife's face and revealed a bruise on her forehead above the left eye.

I, to my great chagrin, was unscathed. We had always shared things together.

My wife is a remarkable woman. There were no recriminations. Only a murmured "Now you've done it," as I put my arm around her.

It took time for those words to sink in. This was Fiji, not home in Queens-

land. We were still 50 miles from Suva, and up in the mountains, with a few native villages along the way.

The night was a black emptiness; and I had no torch.

I tried the motor. It turned over, but there was an ominous grating noise which could only be the fan fouling the radiator.

I managed to bend the blades of the fan back until they were clear, and heard sweet music as the motor purred over. We might make Suva yet.

But there was no shifting the embedded car, either by reverse or brute strength. I hated the thought of losing face before the native population of the next village, but there was no help for it.

"I'll need a few men to lift it out," I informed my wife, who stood beside me in the roadway, a forlorn figure in her white dress, with a handkerchief held to her forehead.

"It might be a long way to the next village. Think you can make it? Or would you rather wait?"

She was very decided on that point, and together, hand in hand, we set off along that wretched road that glimmered dimly in the darkness.

But it wasn't so far, after all. And they were a great crowd, including the old chief with his pressure lamp.

The whole village turned out for the show, women and children included, and we all marched off down the road like an oversize family

going off to a nocturnal Sunday School picnic.

When the light of our car came into view, there was much murmuring of "Sobo! Sobo! Velavela! Uo! Ue!" All indicative of wonder and surprise.

When we gathered around the car I listened with pleasure to yet another sound—the Fijian women trilling their "r's" with the tongue, a birdlike sound which they make when intrigued, and one of the sweetest in all Fiji.

And I saw something else as the old white-whiskered chief held the lamp above his head the better to survey the damage. A little girl stole up to my wife's side, touched her hand timidly, and looked up at her great-eyed.

"You—um good?" she inquired softly. And, what is more, she meant it.

Such incidents, irrelevant though they may seem, become memories to be treasured in the after years.

In no time we had the car back on the road. But the crumpled fender was hard up against the tyre, and here they could not help me.

As I wrenched at the thing the broken glass fell tinkling from the headlamp, and a ripple of laughter ran through the watching crowd. Fijians have a quaint sense

of humor and will laugh at the slightest provocation.

Shortly afterward, when an Indian taxi-driver from Tavua arrived on the scene, they were just as appreciative of my efforts with the hammer I borrowed.

It was most encouraging to know my strokes won their approval as I belted that fender away from the wheel.

Ready for the road, I gave the chief a ten-shilling note, which he accepted with dignity. And I vowed silently that I would make a special trip back from Suva next day just to bring a bar of lollies for those great-eyed children—one in particular.

"Sa ia na moce," I said to them in farewell, which is the usual salutation when parting. "Vinaka. Vinaka vakalevu." Which is simply "Thank you very much."

I have often, in the villages, used the words since, but never with such sincerity as then.

I filled up the tank at Nausori, on the Rewa River and 12 miles from Suva; and there, also, had the first inkling of the interest and comment the battered car would arouse all the way back along the Queen's Road to Nandi.

The Fijians and Indians are very car-conscious, and derive a good deal of enjoyment from such a disreputable spectacle as the car now presented.

I think that, in a vicarious way, they relive the accident through their own interpretation of it; a process of sublimation that afforded us

as much pleasure and amusement as it did them.

Suva is a lovely city—the lovelier, perhaps, now that we had reached it.

Daylight revealed a forlorn station wagon, and my heart went out to the stout little car that had been such a smart unit back at Lautoka.

But its motor and steering were as efficient as before, so I bought the lollies at that delightful little supermarket tucked away behind the waterfront, and we set off for Milambi.

Enjoyed lollies

A hundred miles is not far to drive on such a mission. And there were some pretty big children, including a certain chief, who enjoyed those lollies!

Ironically enough, our return to Suva that afternoon coincided with the arrival at Nausori (Suva's airport) of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who had flown in from Tonga.

We were apparently only a little ahead of the royal cavalcade. The 12 miles of road from Nausori to the city was lined with waiting crowds of Fijians and Indians, all with heads turned to watch our approach.

Prepared in their minds as they were for the immaculate vehicles of officialdom, the progress of the battered little station wagon must have come as something of an anti-climax.

There was nothing inhibited about the welcome we received that afternoon.

If the Duke and Duchess were greeted as warmly and spontaneously as this, I thought, they should be gratified indeed!

On the heights overlooking Suva Bay, in a quiet by-road, I stopped the car, and together we gazed across the harbor to the mist-shrouded mountains beyond. There, somewhere, lay the Queen's Road.

"I wonder what IT will be like," my wife cogitated. As usual, she gave utterance to my thoughts.

Now, when I remember Deuba, and Korolevu, and the reefs of Tabakula, and the wide, splendid reaches of the Singatoka River, and all the bends between, I know it to be little different from the King's Road. Perhaps, if anything, the great coral reef that encircles Viti Levu becomes more pronounced here, where the long Pacific rollers smash in foam not a quarter of a mile from the shore.

Also, I took no chances with one headlamp; it had been hard enough finding the other road with two.

Aftermath: No doubt there are many in Suva and along the south coast of Viti Levu who will remember me as a strict white boss, a brute, a woman-beater. For after a few days in Suva my wife developed a most beautiful black eye from the bruise on her forehead. When we were out walking people regarded me askance, and my wife, to her shame, giggled. Now, when one is innocent, I ask you...

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Dec. 27

<p>ARIES MAR. 21-APR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 7. * Gambling colors, black, white. * Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p>	<p>* There are some very good planets—and some bad ones; things don't really improve until after January 6. It all adds up to happy celebrations with a note of caution needed.</p>
<p>TAURUS APR. 21-MAY 20 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, pink, navy. * Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.</p>	<p>* Mixed stars—some very nice ones being sabotaged by some unco-operative ones. What could have been an excellent week has misfired—but it's not as bad as it could have been.</p>
<p>GEMINI MAY 21-JUNE 21 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, tricolors. * Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.</p>	<p>* It's fine for ironing out matrimonial matters and planning the new year's progressive basis. But the week is hampered by depressing stars that could adversely affect home life.</p>
<p>CANCER JUNE 22-JULY 22 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, red, yellow. * Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.</p>	<p>* Career gets top billing, and results are mixed, with good things outweighing negative ones. There could be a rise in life—plus obstacles. Romance, especially 29th, is under tricky stars.</p>
<p>LEO JULY 23-AUG. 22 * Lucky number this week, 3. * Gambling colors, blue, grey. * Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.</p>	<p>* Certain planets are reluctant to give the New Year a happy blast-off, since influences are hindered by depressing ones. There could be a windfall for some, 28th.</p>
<p>VIRGO AUG. 23-SEPT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 1. * Gambling colors, orange, tan. * Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.</p>	<p>* With the demise of the old year, there is scope for expansion, wider horizons, opportunities to break down barriers. However, there are restrictive influences affecting a friend.</p>
<p>LIBRA SEPT. 24-OCT. 23 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, green, blue. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>* A lot of problems can be confronted and solved. But the stars are—say, so expect mixed marriage vibrations and monetary mix-up, particularly 29th. Hindrance to career is also shown.</p>
<p>SCORPIO OCT. 24-NOV. 22 * Lucky number this week, 9. * Gambling colors, blue, white. * Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p>	<p>* Personal matters could get unravelled up, so don't trust appearances—you usually don't. Good stars are opposed by delaying ones: Happy job and family aspects, but drag, too, 28th-29th.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS NOV. 23-DEC. 21 * Lucky number this week, 6. * Gambling colors, lilac, grey. * Lucky days, Friday, Monday.</p>	<p>* You've got good stars to enjoy the New Year celebrations—gala galore—but you must watch finances. After December 28 there are depressing influences and obstacles to hamper romance.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN DEC. 22-JAN. 20 * Lucky number this week, 8. * Gambling colors, green, brown. * Lucky days, Thursday, Sun.</p>	<p>* You take the spotlight and the applause but there are also some catcalls. It's your moment-of-truth cycle, and personal matters are mainly under smiling stars. However, expect obstacles.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS JAN. 21-FEB. 19 * Lucky number this week, 4. * Gambling colors, green, brown. * Lucky days, Friday, Monday.</p>	<p>* If contemplating a new project, postpone it until after January 6 if possible. A friend comes to your rescue—perhaps a surprise through the mail. Use caution December 28, 30.</p>
<p>PISCES FEB. 20-MAR. 20 * Lucky number this week, 2. * Gambling colors, red, white. * Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p>	<p>* Good influences, although hampered, help to boost ambitions and status. Watch out for muddle, 29th, which could mean depressing news about family matters and money.</p>

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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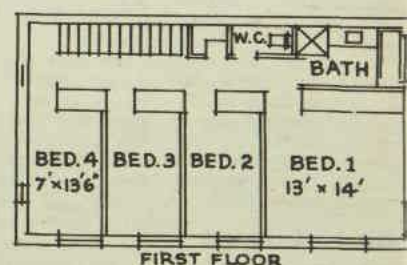
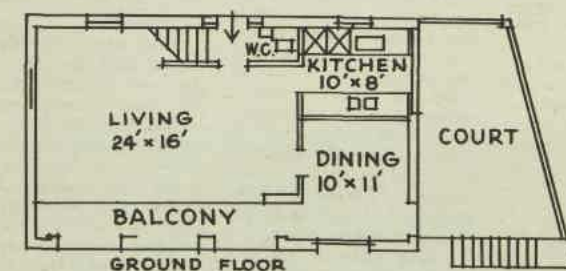
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WHITE HOUSE BY THE WATER



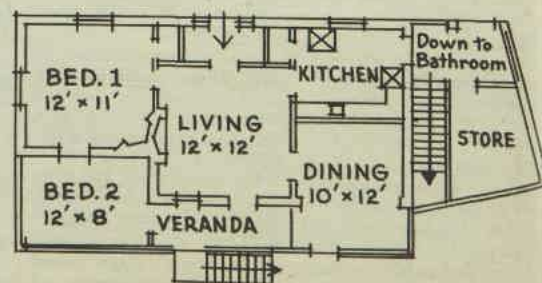
Above, warm patches of light shine toward Sydney Harbor at dusk from the windows of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Denis Rourke at Greenwich. The small inset picture at left shows the house as it was before the Rourkes got to work on it—an old single-story cottage with five rooms.

HOUSE of the WEEK



▲ The house as it is. ▲

A wall of shelves in the dining-room holds books, records, and glasses; cutlery and crockery are stored in the next-door kitchen. The table is of oak and the Victorian chairs of walnut. To the right of the shelves, a door leads to a sheltered courtyard, in summer often used for outdoor dining.



▲ The house as it was. ▲



• Architect Denis Rourke and his wife live at Greenwich, N.S.W., in a house which he designed, a house which is white, white, white — offset inside by brilliant splashes of color.

continued on page 45

The sitting-room has very wide windows overlooking the harbor. The unusual ceiling is of white-painted beams with herringbone strutting; the floor is of white vinyl tiles. Curtains here are of white scrim, the blinds of Finnish cotton.

Story: Shan Hailey/Photographs: Keith Barlow

The upstairs passage (left), off which the bedrooms lead. Stairwell rail is of oregon and unpolished copper. A tiny window with a Finnish blind overlooks a mass of trees; next to it is an Etruscan print.

Kitchen (right) is compact, very hardworking. Timber is black bean and there are white wall tiles, white plastic laminate work surfaces. As there is not a great deal of cupboard space, jars containing essentials are placed above sinks. Very wide workbench not only has hobs set into it but also has storage space for saucepans behind. And beneath this a really wide shelf holds stacks of crockery.



For years Amos had clung
to a somewhat tattered faith
in the cleverness of his son

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

By JOHN MOORE

SITTING on the fo'c'sle-head, by the last light of the sun sinking behind Lundy, Amos finished her, and knew, in that moment of consummation, that she was his masterpiece. He had put ships into bottles before, and his *Cutty Sark*, which he had sold in the Red Lion for forty shillings, had taken him four years; he'd drunk her price in as many hours.

But this *Talavera* had been the preoccupation of his thoughts and hands ever since 1939 when he first saw her picture in the Public Library. He had gone there to keep warm, being unemployed, but he had returned day after day to copy from an old book the rig and dimensions of the vessel in which his father, as a boy, had sailed around the world.

Fifty days from Cardiff to Algoa Bay; 28 from Algoa Bay to Lyttelton; 74 from Lyttelton to the Lizard. How many times his father had told him every detail of that voyage. So Amos' clumsy pencil scratched and scabbled in the silent Reading Room until he had drawn the *Talavera* exactly to scale. That drawing, now almost indecipherable, had voyaged in his pocket for 11 years. It had crossed the Atlantic a dozen times (there being a use now for old broken-down seamen); it had been south to Rio and Buenos Aires, north to Murmansk, through the Mediterranean on Malta convoy, and around the Cape of Colombo and Bombay.

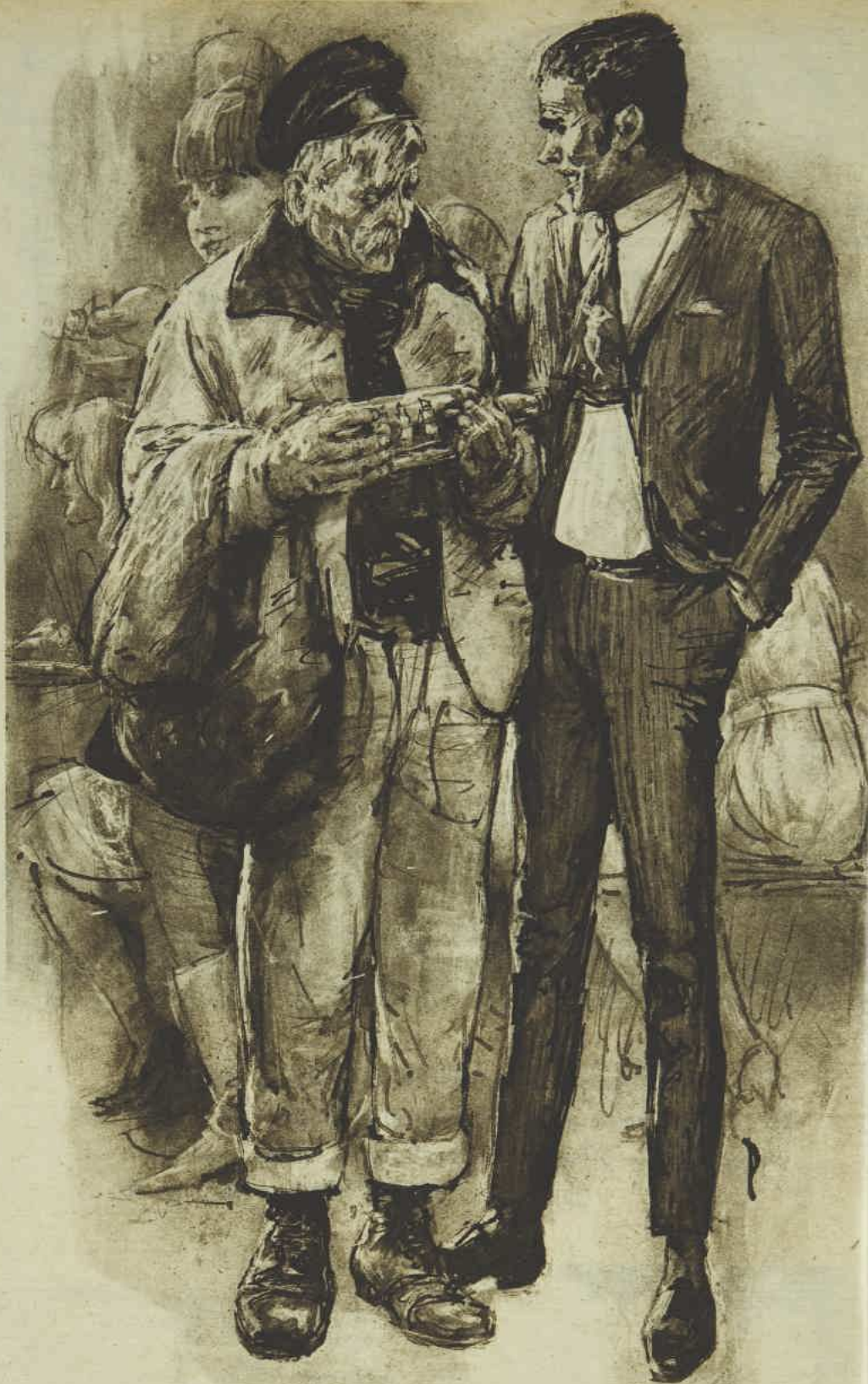
It had got wet and smudged once, when a ship was torpedoed, and had tossed for two days in a lifeboat off the Azores. Meanwhile, the little wooden model, rough-hewn as yet and without her rigging, had shared the opposite pocket of Amos' duffle-coat with his pipe and a plug of tobacco. These were the whole of his possessions when he climbed out of the lifeboat at Fayal.

The masts and spars were whittled in mid-Pacific in 1945. Thence his tanker steamed to Sydney, where a telegram told him that his wife had died, and for a space the half-finished model was neglected and forgotten, rolled up with the drawing in the corner of a macintosh sheet and stowed in one of those shapeless bundles where dwell the household goods of those who lack a hearth.

When Amos returned home, however, he went to live with his sister, and it was she who "to stop him moping" set him to work once more on his toy. At her small house outside Cardiff he began to fashion the sails.

He also potted in her garden and fed the hens and grew with pride some leeks not much thicker than pencils and some cabbages without hearts, thus discovering for the first time that idleness can be pleasant to a man who has saved fifty pounds. He began to keep his eyes open for a cottage of his own and to dream of keeping a pig. He was thinking about this pig, and meticulously sewing the reefpoints into a mains'l, when his son, Cec, arrived out of the blue, accompanied by a girl.

Amos couldn't at first remember whether he had seen this girl before, because all Cec's girls were almost exactly alike. They put on a lot of lipstick in a sloppy and haphazard way, they were pale and spiritless, and their small breasts seemed to be pressed together by their drooping shoulders; they rarely spoke but chewed gum and disconsolately hummed to themselves tunes out of the films. They were the kind of girls who spent their days playing joyless games in pin-table galleries and their nights, per-



haps, talking of love without passion on desolate bomb-sites.

It turned out that this was a new one; Amos did not, however, have much opportunity of making her acquaintance, for, after a few minutes, Cec turned to her and said, "Now, you clear off, see; take a little walk down to the end of the street," and humming, "I'd Do Anything For You," she went with drooping shoulders disconsolately out of the garden gate. Cec then said (and Amos had known it was coming): "Well, Dad, I'm in a bit of a jam again."

"Yes?" said Amos resignedly.

Hands in pockets, leaning against the windowsill, Cec began to describe his jam. It was something to do with the hire-purchase of a second-hand motor-car—a transaction which Amos, who paid cash for all his little needs, found difficult to understand. Cec had been unable to find the money for his last three monthly instalments and was being threatened with prosecution. Couldn't he, then, return the car?

He could not, because he had "sort of lent it to a chap," whatever that might mean. Couldn't he get it back from this chap? No, because it had been involved in a trifling accident and would cost thirty pounds to repair. If, on the other hand, the thirty pounds was forthcoming it could be sold at a handsome profit, the hire-purchase firm could be

paid off, and everybody, including Cec, would come honorably and gainfully out of the deal.

Amos listened, only half comprehending, to the familiar tale. Cec's troubles, like his girls, were always of the same kind. They were never simple or straightforward troubles. They never quite amounted to theft or forgery, though there was always an uncomfortable hint of police-court proceedings in the background. Nor were they ever due to the fault or folly of Cec, except in so far as they were in some mysterious way to be ascribed to his own cleverness.

Amos himself, after all the wretched years, still clung to a somewhat tattered faith in the cleverness of Cec. He had been clever as a kid, and the masters at the Approved School, after his first bit of trouble, had said he was a clever lad who ought to make good. Then there had been that business about a betting telegram which Amos, who couldn't read or write, supposed was clever in a way, but again there had been talk of a prosecution and the bookmaker had to be squared with twenty pounds.

"If it had come off," Cec airily observed on that occasion, "I should have been a wealthy man." Wealth and, in a strange way, honor, too, were always just around the corner when Cec was in trouble. And now, as usual, honor could be restored and profit could be gained for a mere matter of thirty pounds or so . . .

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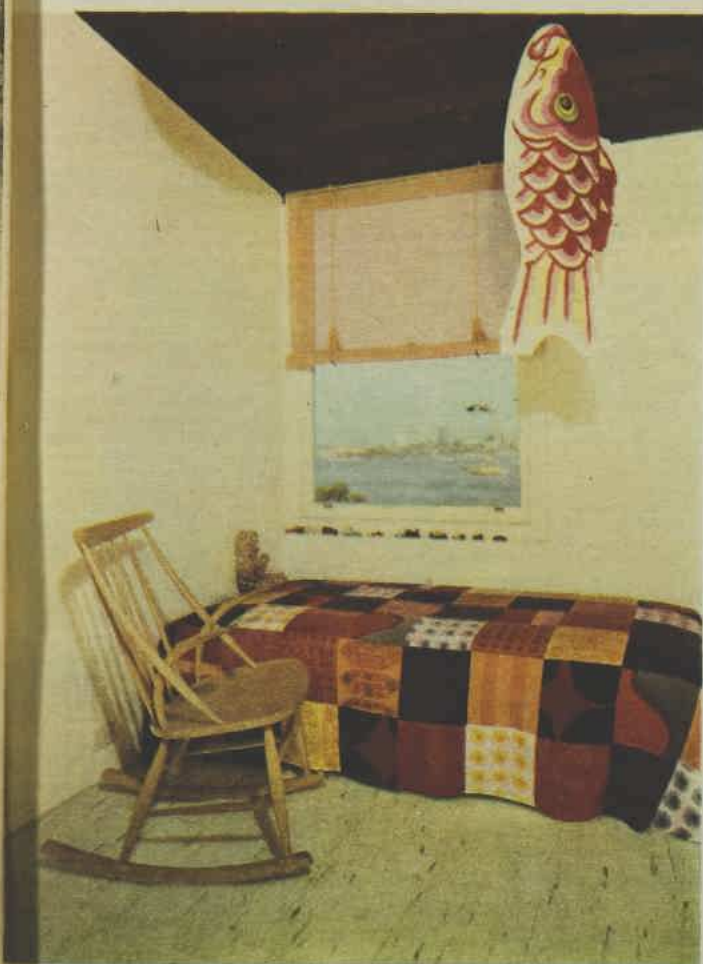
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 3, 1968

HOUSE of the WEEK . . . continued

THIS Greenwich, N.S.W., house started life as an old single-storey cottage with five rooms. When architect Denis Rourke bought the site and designed his home he retained the majority of the external walls of the cottage, adding a second storey and, downstairs, the balcony, including the arches. The bricks from such walls as were demolished were used to pave the garden. The exterior of the house consists of the old stone base, white painted brickwork, painted and oiled woodwork, and dark grey roof tiles. Inside the house, downstairs walls are of bagged, white painted brickwork, upstairs walls, with one exception, of bagged brick plasterboard and stained pine boarding. The one exception is a wall in the main bedroom, a singing, streaky wall in green on yellow. White vinyl floor tiles are used throughout the house, with the exception of balconies, bathroom, and hall—Italian glass mosaic tiles are used in white on balcony floors, blue in the bathroom. In the hall are oil-fire-glaze tiles. Downstairs, the living-room ceiling is of exposed white painted beams, with herringbone strutting; the dining-room ceiling is of wide maple boards. Upstairs ceilings are of stained cypress board with all joists and beams exposed. Both kitchen and bathroom are, of course, treated somewhat differently to the other rooms—the kitchen has bagged brick walls with black bean timber boarding and white wall tiles. There are white painted cupboards with white plastic tops and a white painted concrete ceiling. The bathroom is floored in blue glass mosaic tiles and has white wall tiles. The clean, simple lines, fresh colors and uncluttered appearance of the interior of the house are due mainly to the efforts of Mrs. Rourke; before her marriage she was Melbourne dress designer Felicity Fitchett, and both she and her husband feel the knowledge she gained then of colors and shapes contributed very largely to the striking appearance of the house's interior. Her actual sewing experience helped, too—she made all the blinds, curtains, and bedspreads. Among the advantages that Mrs. Rourke feels are to be gained from living against a white background are that it is such a simple, effective foil for furniture, it is not a color you ever get tired of, and of course as a backdrop for bright colors it's unbeatable.



Fifteen-month-old Julia has a nursery with a wide, tiled changing table that was originally a sideboard. Mrs. Rourke made the pretty wall-hanging — left-over scraps of Thai silk sewn to a piece of scrim.



Three-year-old Henry's bedroom has a gay, splashy patchwork quilt, made by Mrs. Rourke. The chair is a Scandinavian rocker, and hanging from the ceiling is a Japanese paper fish.



Main bedroom has one wall in a vibrant, streaky green — the only non-white wall in the house. Bedspread is of Thai silk, blind (not shown) and curtains of French chintz. There are spacious built-in cupboards, drawers.

"Actually," said Cec, with his hands thrust so deep into his pockets that the padded shoulders of his double-breasted jacket were pushed up to make him look like a hunchback, "actually, Dad, it's thirty-three quid fifteen."

Amos did not at first answer. His little toy ship lay on the table before him, and he went on sewing the reef-points into the sail. Let him stew he said to himself, let him stew for a bit. And he thought about his fifty pounds and how it was a nest-egg for a man's old age, and how one could buy a weaner pig for a fiver; but in his heart he knew that Cec would have that fifty pounds in the end.

Cec, however, having described his present trouble said no more about it, but lounged about the room and seemed to take a fleeting interest in the work Amos was doing. At least he picked up the hull of the ship in an inquisitive magpie fashion and remarked that it was a pretty thing.

"You and your ships in bottles." He grinned indulgently. "What's she called?"

"*Talavera*. Seventeen hundred and ninety-six gross tons. Your grandfather—"

"Oh, I know. You've told me often enough. Sailed around the world."

"In a hundred and fifty-three days," said Amos.

"You could fly it now in about three."

It was clear that Cec could see no virtue in sailing around the world in a hundred and fifty-three days; but to fly around it in three was wonderful because you "saved time." Cec was always full of ideas for "saving time." When he put them into practice, they sometimes got him the sack from the rather mysterious jobs which he took now and then.

"Saving," said Cec, after making a brief calculation, "twenty-one weeks and six days!"

Amos, in his simplicity, dared to wonder what was the point of saving time when you were then faced with an almost insoluble problem of

how to use it up: of "killing" it, in Cec's customary phrase.

"What have you been doing?" his mother used to ask him when he came in late for dinner. "Oh, hanging about just to kill time." Even at the age of sixteen he had found it necessary to kill time. For that reason, and not because he enjoyed the films, he went four times a week to the cinema; for that reason, and not because he liked beer and company, he loafed about in the pubs; for that reason, it seemed, he took up with those queer girls. "Oh, they help kill the time," he would say.

And now suddenly the latest of these girls returned from her walk. The front door banged and she came humming into the room, this co-assassin of Cec's hours and minutes. She was an automatic thing. Cec had told her to go for a little walk to the end of the street and she had done so. She said nothing, but stood and drooped and glanced about her without interest. Her jaw moved automatically, chewing gum.

Cec said with a sort of affectionate briskness: "Well, Dad, what about our bit of business?"

Then Amos knew that there could and would be no further discussion. He couldn't, in any case, argue with Cec in front of the girl; and in a curious way he was glad, because those long disputes with Cec made him so tired. When he was younger he used to reason with the boy, and try to persuade him to learn a trade, or go to sea: "The sea, now, that'd make a man of you." And then he would lose his temper and swear at Cec and damn his eyes, and on one horrible occasion he had hit him hard with the flat of his hand across his pale face.

But the result was always the same; he paid up in the end, and though he would be ashamed to admit it to himself he knew why he paid. It was simply because, despite everything, he loved this creature. Unreasonably, absurdly, ashamedly; and when Cec went out through the garden gate and walked away

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

with that girl, Amos would feel quite alone.

So he put down the sail he was sewing, and got up from the table, and said: "I'll go and get it."

When he came back he sensed immediately an altogether different atmosphere in the room. Even the girl had brightened, and she spoke once or twice, though in a very small, tired voice, addressing Cec as "Sizzle." Cec's manner now had a strange, feverish jocularity. He made nervous jokes and laughed loudly at them; and he pretended to a sudden interest in the model of the *Talavera*, taking it to the window and holding it up to the light.

"You give yourself too much trouble, Dad, over these things. Too much detail in 'em. They'd look just as good if they wasn't so fiddly. These bits, now —"

"Davits," said Amos. "Her boats'll hang from them."

"Well, they could be all carved out of the same piece as the hull, like, boats and davits and all. They'd look just the same, when you'd painted 'em. Save time!"

Amos knew it would be no good explaining, but he tried.

"The davits aren't part of the hull. They're part of the rigging. The boats hang from them in the falls. I'll make little blocks and tackle, see, so's she could lower her boats away . . ."

"She won't need to lower the boats away, not when you've got her in a bottle," laughed Cec. "Still, I s'pose it kills time," he added tolerantly. "Spect you find it dull-like with nothing to do all day."

He prepared to go. Taking his girl by her thin arm just above the elbow, he propelled her toward the door; like a sort of animated doll she moved obediently. They went out and Amos followed them. At the garden gate he handed Cec the money in an envelope and Cec said briefly, "Thanks, Dad. I'll be seeing you." The girl shook Amos' hand; but she didn't say anything unless a momentary convulsion of her jaw-muscles as she chewed could be taken as a farewell. The pair went off down the street, and Amos watched the girl's weak ankles turning over at every pace because of her very high heels; he heard her say, "Sizzle, let's go to the flicks."

As they passed out of sight he knew the expected loneliness, and he leaned on the gate for quite a long time, thinking. It was rather a relief when at last he made his decision to go back to sea. He had only seventeen pounds left, and his old-age pension and because he remembered those days of the dole and the Means Test, he was desperately afraid of being poor.

The cottage and the weaner pig faded out of his dreams as he stumped back into the house and began to bundle up his belongings. Right in the middle of the bundle, for safety's sake, he stowed the hull of the *Talavera*, wrapped up neatly with her masts and half-finished sails, with the spools of silk

LULUBELLE



"But you can't imagine how it is, to be madly, hopelessly, wildly in love."

which would be her running rigging, and the precious smudged drawing he'd made so long ago in the Public Library.

And now at last she was finished. Her spread canvas as white and lovely as gull's wing in the setting sun, she rode on an even keel within the clear glass bottle which would confine her for as long as she lasted — for years and years, maybe for a century, thought Amos in the full pride and glory of creation; there were ships in bottles much older than that. Gazing at her, he knew that he would never make another model. There would be no point in doing so, because he could never make one better than this.

It had taken him the whole of his last voyage to put the finishing touches to her. The eight-thousand-ton tramp had had boiler-trouble on the outward trip and had tied up at Port-of-Spain in Trinidad for a month while she was being

repaired. By the time she was patched up, and had discharged her cargo at Caracas and taken on another at Pernambuco, nearly five months had gone by.

Aware that there was no hurry, and having unlike Cec no ambition to "save" the fleeting minutes in order that he might squander them later, Amos spent his leisure fiddling with the sails and rigging of his toy, sandpapering, polishing, making sure that every tiny block ran smoothly; he gave the hull no less than four coats of paint and meticulously varnished and revarnished every mast, spar, and yard.

At last, within sight of the coast of England — it seemed a fit and proper culmination

magical, unearthly, flying before an imperceptible wind.

It occurred to Amos that some watcher on Morte Point or Hartland might have seen the real *Talavera* thus as she came winging up the Channel on that evening long ago, the sunset glowing behind her canvas, the strong, steady sou'wester in her 'gallants', the crisp white foam dancing beneath her bow, her wake dying away behind her as it had died away, hissing and subsiding, right around the great globe of the world!

And her crew, with Amos' father among them, crowding the rails, murmurous and excited, seeing England for the first time in a hundred and fifty days, cheering the landmarks as one by one they came into view: there's Baggy Point, there's Ilfracombe, hurrah! From the crow's nest a lookout waves an arm toward Mumbles Head and old Swansea Bay on the port bow!

How well Amos knew that murmurous animation, that sense of seeing old familiar things for the first time, which only sailors home from the sea can feel. How many times in his long life, he wondered, had he run up on deck and rushed to the rail to catch that first precious glimpse of England? Three — score? Eighty? It might be even a hundred.

Then suddenly Amos, who had been thinking of the men on the deck of the *Talavera*, realised that he was coming home at this moment and that the landmarks awakened no wonder, no sense of anticipation at all.

His mood of exaltation fell away from him. There was no home. There was only his sister's house (and for all he knew she might by now have let his room to a lodger); there was the hostel in the docks; and there was the Red Lion. There was also a vague gnawing apprehension lest Cec might have got into some deeper trouble while he had been away.

He laid down the ship beside him on the fo'c'sle-head and was no longer conscious of her loveliness, was only aware that she had filled his thoughts for so long and was now no stranger there; she was done, she had gone, she had sailed out of his mind and had left a vacuum behind.

He paid now the penalty which all who create must pay: he felt curiously empty, deflated, his spirit drained away. And he had no sense of homecoming when he saw the cranes of Barry and knew that Cardiff lay beyond the

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Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"Diana"

"DIANA." — Smart dress with pleated skirt is available in navy, white, or lime-fruit tetrone/flax.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.45; 36 and 38in. bust, \$13.65; 40in. bust, \$13.85.

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NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given at right. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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Pretty shift is available cut out to make in muted pink, muted blue, or navy-and-white printed cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$3.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$3.95. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

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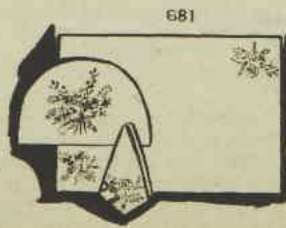
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FROM ALL CHEMISTS

POLITICAL COMMENT NEWS AND VIEWS
The Bulletin
REVIEWS OF THE WEEK 25c EVERY WEEK

RP19

The garden in January

● The festive season may have left some of us out of touch with the garden, but now is the time to take stock.

THERE may be some pleasant surprises, such as lily buds or new annuals showing color, but some tidying up and replacement will be needed.

Cut back spring-planted petunias and verbenas and give light sprinkling of complete plant food. New growth and a flush of flower should follow.

Phlox rarely give an encore, but there is time to replant for a late summer flowering, either seed or seedlings.

Petite marigolds, ageratum, or new petunias are also worth starting now, to flower well into the autumn.

By ALLAN SEALE

The main point is to plant something that can be enjoyed soon. It is too early to fill the garden with iceland poppies, stocks, primulas, and other winter/spring flowers. Start these off in seed-beds or containers, but don't allow them to deprive the garden of summer color.

If good-sized seedlings are planted out in early April they won't be far behind premature plantings, and will need less nursing.

Zinnias can still be planted where there is space. The comparatively new semi-dwarf coquettes are quick maturing and make a spectacular show, their large blooms held conspicuously above the compact plants.

Mandarin cosmos or pink cleome also

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make quick background color, but clash when growing together.

Annuals coming into flower now can be helped with packeted liquid manure, especially zinnias, marigolds, and dahlias. Remove the centre bud of these, which is big but short-stemmed. Its removal will make better side buds. The semi-dwarf coquette is the exception, as it is more inclined to branch naturally.

Don't feed nasturtiums, or they make large leaves which hide the flowers.

Make time to occasionally remove spent blooms from annuals and dahlias to prolong their flowering.

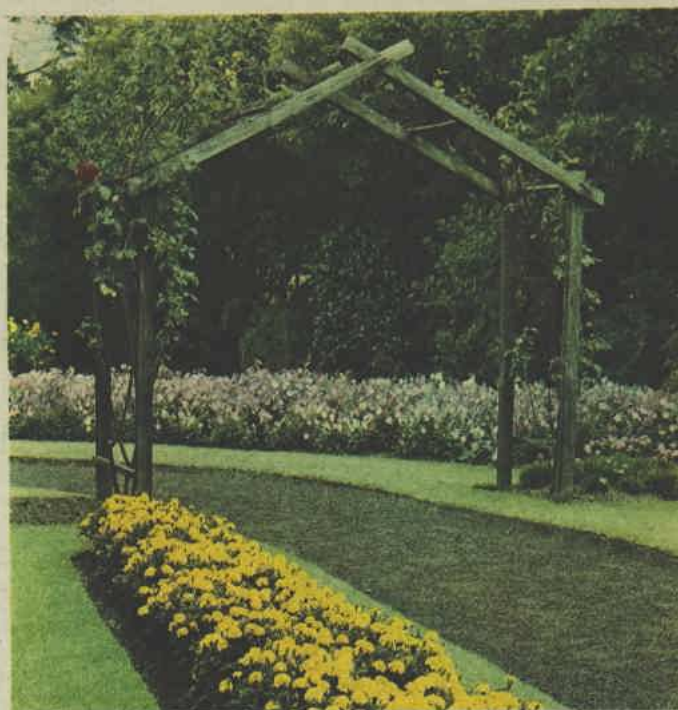
ROSES

Some growers like to hold their roses dormant over the next month, then to cut back and feed six to eight weeks before the main autumn flowering.

If you prefer a continuity of blooms, feed now, and cut back all stems which have flowered, leaving three to five eyes, depending on the thickness of the stems. The eye is tucked in the junction of leaf and stem, and it is from here that the new flower stem develops. Use sharp secateurs, and make a clean cut about 1 in. above the eye, slanting slightly toward its back.

When feeding, concentrate on the area below the outer branch line of the rose rather than close to the stem base. Using a standard rose or complete plant food, allow about half a cup for each sq. yd. below the entire bush.

Don't worry about raking in if the bed is covered with mulch. Just sprinkle over the surface and water liberally. The nutrients will travel down as they become soluble.



● Petite marigolds, pictured in the foreground of the garden above, could be started now as a New Year venture, would flower well into the autumn. Annuals now making flower will benefit from feeding.

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● Now is the time to spray citrus trees to catch the "fry" of the white wax scale insect while it is on foliage, unprotected by wax covering which develops later on stems. Above: Kumquat, Nagami variety.

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N.S.W. Christmas bush. Cut back now, before new growth commences. Prune as you would if cutting sprays for the vase, leaving a 3 to 4 in. stub of new season's growth, or flower stem. Remove thin, spindly growth.

Remove heads of shrivelling hydrangea blooms to keep the bushes tidy. Delay heavier cutting until later. Blooms turning green often last into autumn.

To grow good-hearting lettuce in this weather, keep them moving.

Sow the seeds direct into the beds as a transplanting check is avoided. After the soil has been limed, make the rows 10 to 12 in. apart, then mark spacings about every 10 in. along the rows.

Sow two or three seeds at each spacing, cover with seed-raising mixture or compost, and firm down well. Thin out to one seedling per planting.

Water liberally each week with packeted liquid manure. Don't let the bed dry out at any stage. Keep weeds down by light surface stirring or mulching; deep cultivation can halt growth. Great Lakes and Yatesdale are the surest hearting varieties for most districts, Butterhead and Mignonette for very hot areas.

Beans can still be sown in all districts—any variety, except possibly Scarlet Runner, reliable only in mild districts.

Where excessive heat is preventing bean flowers from setting, hose the plants late in the day to create humidity around them. Frequently wetting the foliage will also discourage red spider, although it may induce rust in susceptible varieties such as Epicure, Purple King, or Blue Lake.

Should rust show up, spray with zineb, directing the spray as much as possible to the underside of the foliage. (Rust shows as small, velvety, rust-colored spots on backs of leaves.)

Sudden falling of passionfruit flowers may occur after hot, dry days. Fruit setting will resume as weather conditions improve. Soak the soil around the plant to increase the surrounding humidity.

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When tomato plants make lush growth but few flowers it is a sign that they have been overfed with nitrogenous manures or fertilisers, and are thus deficient in phosphorus. This can be corrected by spreading a double handful of superphosphate around each plant, or, better still, by feeding with a complete plant food rich in this, but also containing a balance of other nutrients.

NEW POT-PLANTS

If those new pot-plants are looking a bit seedy, they may not be happy in their new positions. African violets and gloxinias like plenty of light, but not direct sunlight. If light is too weak, the leaves are long and thin, and clumpy and pale when too strong. Move your fingers about 4 in. above the plant; the light should throw a weak shadow.

They like warmth, but not dry heat. If leaves are limp during the warmth of the day, the relative humidity is too low. Move them near a sink, to the bathroom, or stand in pots on pebbles in a trough with water kept lower than the top of the pebbles. This prevents the soil from becoming overwet, but does increase humidity around the plant.

Many of the modern nursery soil mixtures need feeding regularly. Use packeted liquid manure at fortnightly intervals in warm weather. Keep moist.

To some extent this applies to most foliage plants grown indoors, although some may show loss or damage to lower foliage after a change of environment. If they don't improve, move the plant.

Orchids also need plenty of water and regular feeding in hot weather.

Spray now for white wax scale if this pest is invading citrus, gardenias, pittosporums, etc. At this time of year the young, or "fry," is on the foliage, unprotected by the wax.

Spray while it is still vulnerable, using about four tablespoons of white oil to one gallon of water. First mix the white oil with equal quantities of water, then add the rest. You could add a teaspoon of malathion to each gallon. Apply now and at end of month.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

headland, only three and a half hours' steaming away.

Amos did not go ashore until next morning; and Bute Street in the morning wears a bleary-eyed and desolate look. A Chinaman yawns outside his empty cafe. Coal-trimmers after a night shift trudge homeward with the whites of their eyes staring out of blackened expressionless faces; girls who might look pretty in the evening come out haggardly from sombre tenements, fetching in the milk-bottles, coughing over first cigarettes; Lascars with the infinite weariness of Lascars slope along on their way to join their ships; and a few sailors with bundles walk the opposite way, coming ashore.

Only to these few does Bute Street in the morning appear, miraculously, to be a delectable place; because it offers the first pavements, the first houses, the first cafes, the first pubs, a foretaste of health and home.

Amos, who had nowhere to go, was nevertheless aware of the indefinitely pleasant sensation dry land gives to those whose feet for months have felt only a moving deck beneath them. Savoring this pleasure, he walked as far as the end of the street, where he found a cafe open and ate a fresh bread roll — this is generally the first indulgence of men who come off ships which lack a bakery. He sat in the cafe for a long time, trying to pluck up courage to go and find out if his sister had taken a lodger; but at last, realising that the pubs were now open, he made his way to the Red Lion.

He knew the old barmaid there and she gave him a welcome, which is another thing sailors hanker after when they come ashore. He leaned with his elbows on the counter (one more queer little pleasure renewed) and bought her a drink. Soon some customers came in, and it was not surprising that three of them should turn out to be old friends of his, for Amos had been using the Red Lion, whenever he was ashore, for nearly forty years. To these, after a few beers, he showed his *Talavera*, unwrapping the whole of his bundle of clothes, towels, and oddments to find her where she lay at the secret heart of it. She was duly admired, and the landlord recollected the model of the *Cutty Sark* and how Amos had sold her for forty shillings.

"You'd get twice as much for this one," he said. "If you could find a Yank, and he was a bit tight, you'd maybe get a fiver."

"I wouldn't sell her," said Amos almost fiercely, "for anything in the world." The landlord smiled, thinking no doubt that it would be a different tale one night when Amos had spent all his money and wanted a few more drinks.

And now there came in a man older than Amos, a fireman off a collier just back from Gibraltar, who knew all the tricks by which ships were put into bottles and who asked an expert's questions, nodding approval over the

Talavera as she lay on the counter among the pints of beer.

"No longer such beautiful things can they make at all," said this old sailor. "A lost art it is, man, like thatching is in the countryside. The patience they do lack for it." "True enough," said Amos. "Off and on, she took me eleven years."

"Eleven years! But a thing of beauty she is, man, and worth the labor. They do not understand today. A godless age. Quick results they do demand. You know that well."

It crossed Amos' mind that the man was thinking of Cec, for most of the Lion's customers knew about him. Indeed, it had been in this bar, seven years ago, that a well-meaning fellow had taken Amos aside and whispered to him,



"Trouble there is at home." That was the trouble which led to the Approved School.

Ever since, Amos had been a little afraid when he returned to the Lion after a long voyage: afraid of the sympathetic glance, the kindly hand on the shoulder, the old friend beckoning him into a corner. However, the fireman said no more, and none of Amos' other acquaintances mentioned Cec at all. They drifted away one by one, and Amos himself was preparing to leave when the barmaid leaned over the counter and whispered:

"That boy of yours. You've been away a long time."

"Yes?" said Amos sharply. It was a cry as much as a question. He thought he knew what was coming. Some fresh trouble. Perhaps it was worse than ever this time — a case in the courts, even prison.

"Tell me," said Amos with a dry mouth.

"But he's doing well," she said gently. "I thought you'd like to know. Some little business he has. Quite well-to-do he is getting! I saw the advertisement in last night's paper. Wait a minute: I'll find it for you."

She bustled away, and Amos discovered that he was sweating, so powerful was the sense of reprieve and release. Cec doing well! Still he could hardly credit it. Yet he'd always believed, hadn't he, that the boy was clever? And hadn't the Headmaster of the Approved School written "ought to do well" on his report? "If only he will take himself in hand he ought to do well."

The barmaid came back with the paper. She had folded it open at the advertisement page.

"There," she said. "SITUATIONS VACANT. At the bottom of the column."

Amos read: "GIRLS WANTED FOR CLEAN LIGHT WORK IN SMALL FACTORY. GOOD WAGES. NO SATURDAYS."

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

There followed Cec's name and an address.

"His own boss he is, you notice," said the barmaid. "Soon he'll be too grand to know us."

"I must go and see him," said Amos.

The "small factory," from the outside, was certainly unimpressive. It consisted of a patched-up building on a bomb-site with a long jerry-built shed at the end of it. The yard was full of rubble and broken bricks. Nevertheless, there was a new green gate at the entrance and a noticeboard freshly painted in bold yellow lettering:

TWENTIETH CENTURY NOVELTIES, LIMITED.

been "sort of borrowed from a chap." He put these unworthy thoughts away. Cec had reformed; Cec had turned over a new leaf. He was the Managing Director of Twentieth Century Novelty Limited, and that sounded to Amos like a very important position indeed.

He went through the green gate into the yard and found a door marked Registered Office. Before he knocked at it he had an afterthought and hid the *Talavera* in his bundle of clothes; for he felt a sudden diffidence at appearing before Cec with the gift in his hand and decided it would be more fitting to produce it casually after he had been shown round the factory.

Nobody answered his knocking, so he went in; and like a wind dying away in the tops of his spirit he felt his exhilaration go. The room was dingy and bare; there was a kitchen table which served as a desk, with a portable typewriter on it; and before this typewriter, on the only chair, sat the sloppy-looking girl, chewing gum.

It was apparent she did not recognise him. For a few moments she went on tapping at the typewriter with two fingers. Then she looked up and said, "Yeah?"

"I just called," said Amos, "to see my son."

She remembered him now, for she gave an exclamation which sounded like "Ow! I'll fetch Sizzle." She went out through a side door and Amos noticed once again the high heels and the stockings which wrinkled above the ankles when they turned over at each step.

He lit his pipe and waited nervously. It seemed a very long time before the girl came back, with Cec following her. Cec looked different, somehow, and the difference was nothing to do with his new grey, pin-striped suit and his American tie which had a picture of a naked woman on it. The change had happened inside him and Amos, forgetting that in recent years he had only known his son as a supplicant and a scrounger, felt almost as if he was meeting a stranger.

For one thing, Cec slapped him on the shoulder, which he had never done before; and as he did so he exclaimed with a tremendous and rather terrifying jocularity: "Well, if it ain't old Barnacle Bill back from the sea! How are you making out, Dad?" Amos was glad he had hidden the little ship. He could not, at this moment, have brought himself to give it to Cec; he would have felt a fool. It would have been like giving it to someone he had never seen in his life before.

Meanwhile, the girl had returned to her seat before the typewriter; and Cec, with his hands in his pockets, strode up and down the small room.

"Got those invoices done?" said Cec suddenly in a staccato and curiously artificial tone.

"Yes, Boss." The girl picked up his manner like a child catching a ball.

"Cashed up?"

"Yeah."

"Let's see."

She got up and handed him a bank paying-in book with a lot of pound notes in it. Amos, as he stood and watched, was aware once again of the sharp sense of estrangement. Cec had become somehow larger than life, unreal, unnatural. Amos didn't go to the pictures, or he would have recognised the amateurish imitation of the behaviour of a tough businessman in an American film.

Looking up from the pay-

ing-in book, Cec said with a grin:

"Hundred and twenty smackers last week. This week we shall knock it up to a hundred and fifty."

"I heard in the Red Lion," Amos began.

"The little old Red Lion," put in Cec patronisingly.

"How well you were doing, I'm glad, Cec."

"Yes, we're doing well, ain't we?" said Cec, handing back the paying-in book to the girl and giving her at the same time a friendly and intimate slap on the back.

"Doing fine. And I owe it all to you, Dad!"

"All to me?" Amos remembered the thirty-three pounds fifteen, and the twenty pounds to square the bookie, and the fiver to get the borrowed overcoat out of pawn, and he was suddenly touched.

"It was nothing," he said.

"Believe me, it was everything," Cec put his arm round Amos' shoulders. "Come along with me. I'll show you."

He led the way down a covered passage between the blitzed building and the long shed. There was a door at the other end, and Cec said, "You'll have to put that pipe out now, Dad. No smoking, because of the paint and varnish."

Amos obediently knocked out his pipe, and Cec ushered him in.

There was a wooden bench running down the middle of shed, at which under bright electric lights about a dozen girls were working. Amos did not, at first, understand what they were doing; the whole of his attention was taken up by the girls, who seemed to be almost exactly alike. A moment later he realised that this was an illusion; for in fact some were tall and some were short, some dark and some blondes.

THE illusion, he now realised, was caused by the fact that despite these differences all the girls were of the same type: they were Cec's type. They were the sort of girls he had giggled with at street corners ever since he was fifteen; and there were twelve of them all brought together under one roof!

Cec prodded him jocularly in the ribs.

"At your age, Pop! Now then, take your eyes off 'em." Some of the girls giggled.

"I'll show you something that ought to be more in your line," said Cec. "Take a look at this."

He went toward the bench; and for the first time Amos saw what the girls were doing.

They were putting model ships into bottles.

But these were not ships as Amos knew ships. They were not built; they were manufactured. There lay in the middle of the bench a pile of hulls, haphazardly heaped together, shining and glistening with the sort of paint which is used for the uniforms of lead soldiers. Now and then a girl would pick up one of these hulls and with a few deft strokes of a paint-brush suggest the hatches, and the planking-in of the decks; then she would toss it casually on to another pile.

"We mould 'em," said Cec proudly, following Amos' glance, "out of papier-mache."

Two more girls were cutting sails from what looked like a kind of celluloid material and gluing them on to the masts: others were tying pieces of white cotton to the masts; and at the far end of the bench a girl, apparently more skilled than the rest, was inserting the finished ships in the bottles. For this purpose she was equipped with an ordinary buttonhook and a long-

handled brush. As the bottle lay on the bench before her, with one hand she used the buttonhook to raise the ship's masts, with the other she applied a dab of gum to the base of each.

"Come and see the finished job," said Cec. As he conducted Amos along the line of girls he patted each in a proprietary way between the shoulders. "How are you doing, Maisie? Everything OK, Doreen?" In an aside to Amos he explained, "No formality here, Pop."

"And now," he added as they reached the end of the bench and the last girl of all, who was putting corks in the bottles and sealing them with red sealing wax, "now I'll show you the genuine, completed article, as sold for two guineas apiece in half the pubs of Cardiff, Swansea, Llanelly, and Bristol and on the beach at Coney Island where the trippers go."

He leaned over the girl and picked up one of the finished jobs. As he held it up in front of Amos' bewildered eyes, a further beastliness became apparent. The inside of the bottle had been tinted: green for the sea, blue for the sky, white waves in between. Against this gaudy background perched the outrageous model, a painted ship upon a painted ocean. But it was a ship only in name; it bore as much resemblance to a ship as a stuffed bird in a glass-case bears to the winged creature with the throbbing throat.

Cec was saying: "Actually, Pop, the gross cost including labor is precisely fifteen and a tanner, so that gives us a hundred percent clear when the retailer's had his rake-off. Not bad, eh? And you must admit she's a neat job, even though she's mass produced and she ain't got the frills that yours have. After all, Pop, you've got to keep pace with the world. Take her in your hands and have a good dekho, and tell me straight if you can see anything wrong."

Amos took it, simply because otherwise it would have fallen to the floor; but he didn't want to touch it any more than he would have liked to touch one of those tarty girls. He was not a very imaginative man, nor was he gifted with overmuch sensibility; what imagination and sensibility he possessed had been spent first on Cec with his terrible, twisted cleverness and secondly on those loved children of his hands, the *Cutty Sark* and the *Talavera*. Nevertheless, he had enough feeling left to be aware that the prostitution of all he believed in lay within his hands in the painted bottle. All the cheapness and the tawdriness of the street corners, the whole philosophy of the pin-tables, enshrined there!

"And if you'll accept her, Dad, she's yours," said Cec with a large and expansive gesture. "I said I owed it all to you, and that's a fact, cross-me-heart-an'-spit-on-the-floor. Well, I made good in the end, didn't I, and there's a little token to remember it by. Stick her on your mantelpiece, Pop, and when you have your friends in an evening—"

Amos suddenly realised that he was being gently propelled toward the door. Cec's arm was about his shoulders, and Cec's voice, the voice of a stranger, was loud in his ears. In one hand he still clutched his bundle of belongings; in the other, Cec's gift.

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More dead than alive

• People "dying" to leave school should remember that, when they were four, they were probably "dying" to go to school. When they leave and are working, girls are "dying" to become housewives and mothers. Then, they are "dying" for their children to grow up so they can travel or realise some other dream. Unless people try to live each stage of life to the utmost, they may find they really are dying, with nothing to remember but a lot of pipe dreams of better things to come. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could all look back on full and contented lives?

C. PRESTON, Wollangong, N.S.W.

Nurse's advice

I HAVE just passed my Nurses' Registration Board final examinations, and would like to give a few words of advice to anyone beginning her nursing training in the New Year.

• A knowledge of anatomy and physiology is essential. If you have not studied biology at school, read a couple of library books on the subject.

• Make a rule to bank a small fixed amount, beginning with your first pay. It's hard to save money, but even a dollar a fortnight accumulates over three or four years.

• Be prepared to accept fairly rigid discipline, and give yourself three months before deciding whether or not you are cut out to be a nurse.

• Always remember that patients are people, and treat them the way you'd like to think someone in your family was being treated if he were in hospital.—*Gabby MacKay, Randwick, N.S.W.*

Hard to believe

TO those who complain about the hard life of school students — a proper education is never achieved by sitting on one's tail and gaping at the ceiling. Nor do

I see any great hardship in participating in some sport or hobby, reading books and newspapers, and keeping in touch with current affairs. It can't be all THAT tiring. In fact, without these things, Australian youth would develop into a race of ignorant slobs. — *Robert Cardwell, Marion, S.A.*

Force of destiny

THIS is addressed to those people who reminisce about "the hard days when I was young." No generation has everything rosy. All around us we have the constant threat of war, with tragic pictures of its victims in the newspapers just to make sure we do not forget. The road toll has reached a peak. The ugliness of drought has meant sacrifices for many. Drug-taking has emerged as a major problem — yet another force we must resist. The average teenager has to attain a higher standard of education than was required a few years ago. So have another look. It is not all so easy. — *Mary McNamara, Pascoe Vale, Vic.*

For teenagers

GIRL GUIDE

It is a well-known fact that males are attracted to feminine girls. My idea of a feminine girl is one whose femininity is reflected in the way she walks, dresses, and talks. She never swears, shouts, or is rude to people. Her hair is shining, her nails long, with a swinging nailpolish color; she uses a touch of perfume, and she is careful to use the correct amount of make-up in the most effective way. Without going to extremes, she enhances her appearance with jewellery and ribbons. Her dress is neat, fashionable, and always suits the occasion.—*Jenny Holloway, Greenacre, N.S.W.*

Fun phase

THIS is mainly for the benefit of parents who don't allow teenage sons and daughters to go to dances, etc.: Every phase of life is important and should be lived to the utmost. A young child wants to play, and is eager to learn, to see, and experience new things. Boys and girls really start to notice each other when they be-

HERE'S YOUR



ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

Some men are cowards

"I AM 20 and have been engaged for six months to a 25-year-old man who lives in another town. On his last visit he told me his best friend had been urging him to give me up, saying he could do a lot better than me. (I am not good-looking and have freckles.) I am hurt that my fiance repeated it to me, adding that 'never mind, I am still going to marry you, anyway.' I feel it was better left unsaid."

"Doubtful."

• Such a remark was certainly uncalled for — unless he hoped you would release him. Some men are emotional cowards, and prefer to let the girl break the engagement. That way they have nothing on their consciences. Even if he had no ulterior motive, you should think twice before marrying him. Imagine what the future would be like with someone who cares so little for your feelings — especially as he seems to think he's doing you a favor by marrying you. I am sure he will never let you forget that! P.S.: What's wrong with freckles? They can be most attractive.

Stop exaggerating

"RECENTLY five of my 14-year-old girlfriends and myself held a party to which we invited six boys all a year older than ourselves."

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Five couples matched up, and I got sort of romantic with the boy I liked. However, after that he said 'hello' to me only once at school, and now we just ignore each other. I was very upset when I realised he was just using me for his own entertainment that night, but he seemed to have liked me. Shall I forget him, as he has hurt me so much?"

"Upset."

• There's nothing you can do except forget him. Some boys prefer to postpone getting "wrapped" in a girl until later years, and it looks as though he may be one of them. To say that he hurt you "so much," and was using you for his own entertainment, is rather an exaggeration. After all, YOU invited him to the party.

Stay at school

"I FOUND 1967, my fifth year at high school, very difficult. I had to do two to six hours' homework every night. All this work gives me headaches. In a year or two I am getting engaged. I often think about this, and would be quite happy to marry right now, because I am so confused."

"Fed Up."

• I think you'll regret it if you don't finish your education. In 1968 if you concentrate more on your studies and less on your coming engagement I'm sure the going won't be so tough. Remember, to achieve anything worth while in this life you have to work for it. Using marriage as a way of escape would achieve only disaster!

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

FOR BARTER, OR FOR WORSE

I SEE that a near-Port Moresby villager recently paid a local record price for a bride.

He gave her family goods and livestock worth about \$3500 — half as much again as the previous top price.

His payment included 1029 shells, 59 bags of flour, 54 bags of rice, 56 bags of sugar, and four pigs.

I can imagine the father of the bride-to-be saying to her suitor: "Are you able to keep my daughter in the manna to which she is accustomed?"

This system is quite common in the area.

I suppose you could call it wooing a girl by fare means or fowl.

Western romantic customs don't quite accept the idea. Although, it doesn't hurt a bloke's chances for a date to invite a girl to go to see the Animals.

Offering a ride in a Jaguar has been known to help, too.

And a girl likes to hear a bloke talk turkey about marriage.

A fellow is also permitted to sing, "I Love You, a Bushel and a Peck."

Generally, however, a suitor's involvement here in livestock or cereal is regarded as being for the birds, and goes against the grain.

No parents of girls like them to be courted by blokes who sow wild oats.

Or, for that matter, who are expert at making hay while the sun shines.

And shell-collecting is out here.

A bloke who spends his time gathering marine life might make himself anemone for life.

A guy married to a girl called Pearl might find one day that she has gone home to mother-of-Pearl.

All in all, our girls want good providers.

But the food, rather like little girls, should be seen and not herded.



THE main problem in the world today is communication. I do not mean the telephone or radio types of communication, but rather the way people express their thoughts and ideas. Too many people try to hide their true selves — thinking they are different from others, and being afraid to express their thoughts. Isn't it true that this is the main cause of break-ups between individuals, families, even nations? The more differing views people see, the better this world will be. — *Susan Evesalge, Toowoomba, Qld.*



come teenagers. There should be a few years of wholesome fun before each finds his life's companion. — *"Teena," Mildura, Vic.*

"Inside" story

A TALL girl is going to be noticed anyway, so why not let her be noticed as a happy person, proud of her height? I am 18 and 5ft. 11in. tall, but I've decided that it's not worth worrying about my height. After I made my mind up that I was tall and had to make the best of it, my problems were solved. Too many tall girls stoop and try to hide their height. No one dislikes a person because of her height. She is popular or not because of what she is inside, not outside. — *"Happy Tall Girl," Port Lincoln, S.A.*

BEAUTY IN BRIEF:

EYE ON GLAMOR

PROBABLY the question girls ask most often about eye glamor is, "How can I make my eyelashes look long and thick?"

The answer is (a) with simply applied eye make-up (b) by encouraging the lashes to curl, and (c) by adding extra length with false eyelashes.

It's a fact that the tip of an eyelash is usually lighter in color than the rest of it. For a pretty, youthful effect, try tipping just the ends with mascara, and continue brushing them upward to encourage curl.

Be sure your lashes are dry before using mascara, and for good measure brush them through with a clean mascara brush.

In the beginning it's best not to use any mascara on the lower lashes. It will probably smear as well as look a bit weird in the ordinary light of day.

Have you worn false lashes? I can't imagine a girl who wouldn't want to try them, if only to see how she looks with them.

Lashes made on a strip are probably the easiest to handle, can be cut and trimmed to look all but natural when worn at a reasonable length.

— *Carolyn Earle*



● Ruffled blouse, trimmed with handmade french lace and tucked into velvet Bonnie Prince Charlie pants was Lynne's home-coming outfit, designed by Monkee Peter Tork.



● Lynne's bright jumpsuit from a New York boutique (right) was perfect for air travel during the thousands of miles she recently toured with the Monkees in the U.S.

LYNNE POPS HOME

● Successful young Australian pop singer Lynne Randell recently arrived back with a suitcase full of new gear from her American tour with the top-rating Monkees group.

SOME of it she picked up "wherever I saw something I liked." The rest was made by her tailor in Beverly Hills, outside Hollywood, where she rents a 12-room Georgian-style house with its own 50ft. swimming-pool. The home once belonged to John Barrymore.

One of Lynne's favorite outfits is a bright yellow jump-suit which she bought at a boutique in New York. "I wore it all the time travelling on planes with the Monkees during our tour of 30 States," she said.

Her home-coming outfit—purple velvet Bonnie Prince Charlie pants, worn with a white frilly blouse trimmed with handmade french lace—was designed by Monkee Peter Tork and made up by her tailor.

The Monkees gave her the outsize watch she wears.

Lynne loved every minute of her tour—despite getting her knee twisted by an enthusiastic fan of the Monkees. "Most of them were 14- and 15-year-olds," said

Lynne, who has just turned 18.

"One poor little girl said to me, with tears in her eyes, 'I've got to see them, it's a matter of life or death.'"

Lynne, already sporting a pronounced American accent and an astonishing amount of self-possession, plans to return to the United States after her Australian tour with Trini Lopez ("He's great, I was thrilled to be asked along") and intends to make her home in America, returning to Australia from time to time.

"There are a few things I miss in America—fish and chips in newspaper, for one, and oysters kilpatrick, for another," said the girl from Mordialloc, Victoria.

But nothing, for her, can beat the entertainment world in America.

"Working there is more professional—they don't do an engagement without first signing a contract, and it's all big business, not a game," she said.

"Australians don't get behind their own artists enough, the way the Americans do."

—BEVERLEY COOPER



● Bell-bottom slacks and psychedelic top (above) came from Los Angeles. Lynne bought her gear wherever she saw something she liked. Her outsize watch was a gift from the Monkees.



● Bell-bottom slacks with gay top (above) is one of Lynne's new casual outfits from America. She wears slacks—made in velvet, cotton, lace, and satin—on stage most of the time. These pictures were taken by Michael Coyne.



● Psychedelic mini-tent has (for cool days) matching psychedelic tights, not shown here. "All" American teenagers are wearing mini-skirts, said Lynne, who recently turned 18.

For teenagers

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



4312. — Slim, semi-fitted dress, shirred at front neckline into bias rolled collar. Slightly belted sleeves as shown, or three-quarter length slim sleeves included. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

4349. — Full tent dress with top-stitched self bow at neckline. Short sleeves and contrast shaped collar and tie also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.



4023. — Lined-to-edge cover-up in above-knee or street-length. Version with curved hem and self ruffle included. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 60 cents includes postage.

4295. — A-line sleeveless dress with jewel neckline. A-line coat with button-loop closing and full-length sleeves also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 65 cents includes postage.

3667. — Semi-fitted, sleeveless A-line, back-buttoned dress for little girls. Also in pattern are variations in trims and sleeve lengths. Sizes 1 to 6 (20, 21, 22, 23, 24in. chest). Price 50 cents includes postage.

4484. — A-line dress with square armholes and square neckline for hot summer days, or for wearing over a sweater in cooler weather. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 70 cents includes postage.

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Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. 2132. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

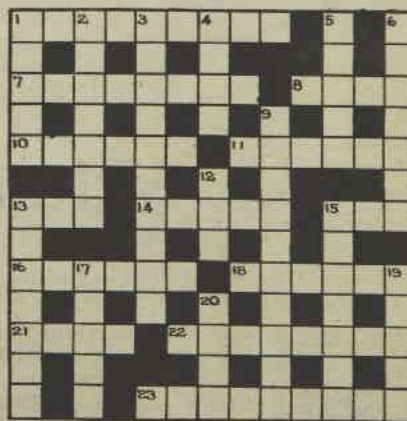
MANDRAKE — with his mighty magic — terrifies the thugs, who run away. With Lothar, he takes Dill and Zoon to the Court of the 12 Nations. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- To soften (9).
- Ironing is urgent (8).
- Unable to tilt (4).
- Wave for a turf smoother (6).
- Liquid container has a teetotaler in the tree trunk (6).
- Back under a vehicle (3).
- Even a palindrome (5).
- Companies lettuce (3).
- Reared (anagr., 6).
- Anxiety in the steamer frightens (6).
- A mother was the daddy of them all (4).
- A card game for a single person (8).
- Fish come in for the tradesman (9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- About Patrick going up for a candle (5).
- Irritates the sewers (7).
- Festival fabrications in winds (10).
- Taverns in North Sydney (4).
- Inclined toward the French insect (5).
- Our superiors (7).
- A short prayer I have taken as a whole (10).
- The second person the day before (3).
- Ban profit for a good buy (7).
- A small crown has nothing in the musical instrument (7).
- A profit once more (5).
- Navigate an ox (5).
- Just beautiful (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



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ILLUSTRATED ABOVE: One of the series of "Learn-a-tron" play charts to give your children wonderful hours of pleasure and pre-school learning. AT LEFT: 16 volumes of "how-to-do-it" play kits. AT RIGHT: The unique "Learn-a-tron" learning machine to fascinate every child.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 1971

The Australian Women's Weekly Presents ...

YOUR STARS FOR 1968

By FRANCESCO WALDNER world-famous astrologer

ARIES



March 21-April 20

My advice:

DON'T decide on changes or make rash decisions in the course of this year. You will be kept very busy with your job, and personal relations will also intensify. Don't take on anything extra, unless it is really essential.

☆ GENERAL

CONCENTRATE on your plans and problems and you can give a solid basis to your future. The year will be rich in new experiences which, though sometimes a bit hard, will widen your horizon and give you new interests.

Work methodically and willingly and the results will be satisfying. Between May and July is a good time to start on something new. Toward the end of the year you should expect certain changes around you.

This will be a year in which Aries subjects, especially the young ones, have a lot to learn.

☆ HEART

DURING this year there will be times when you are little interested in sentimental matters; you tend to feel isolated and that those closest to you don't understand you properly. Others again get tired of a certain relationship and will try to bring about a break or definite clarification.

All these sentimental and emotional problems need a lot of attention and you must be careful of people trying to interfere.

Engagements and weddings are best arranged for January, end of February, middle of March, April, June. Particularly suitable would be July/August and the last 20 days of the year.

☆ YOUR JOB

THERE will be slow but positive developments and you must make a real effort. New duties will be added to projects you are already working on and it will not be easy to foresee the final outcome of certain situations.

During the period May to July you can expect to work with best results, encountering few difficulties. Legal actions during that period are likely to work out well.

☆ MONEY

BE careful and always keep some money aside for unexpected expenses and for reasonable and small investments toward your future.

A very lucky period for you will be between April and June and hitherto unsolved problems will find their solution — most likely to your fullest economic advantage.

An important point is that during this year you must refrain from taking on obligations you may not be able to fulfil; don't exaggerate about helping members of the family, and don't get involved in anything that could be a risky venture.

☆ HOME

FAMILY relations will intensify and you will have many a surprise. You must, however, work hard and often wait patiently for the right moment to settle matters conclusively. An elderly member of the family may cause anxiety and need considerable help.

Between July and August, the children will give much pleasure. Don't dramatise if there are any domestic difficulties.

New friends and, during February, March, and December, exciting social activities. Toward the end of the year: a change in your circle of friends.

☆ HEALTH

YOU need a lot of rest and must, therefore, organise your work without too many appointments at a time. You will get tired more easily during this year and must remember this in order to avoid exhaustion and depressions. Many of you must reckon on attacks of severe headache and toothache; consult your doctor.

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 3, 1968

TAURUS



April 21-May 20

My advice:

CONTROL your moods—you tend to be one day deeply depressed and the next full of beans. Don't talk about your successes—you only make people envious. Don't undertake too much between March and June; rather, slow down.

☆ GENERAL

A VERY lively year, especially during the second half, and full of lucky events. Generally, this will be a year of big new developments, when legal matters can be settled and family troubles ironed out.

Altogether, you will free yourself of worry and anxiety which prevented you from achieving your aims during 1967. You will thus regain your peace of mind and feel enthusiastic again, able to cope with the most delicate problems.



☆ HEART

A LIVELY and lucky year, during which you make many new and fascinating acquaintances and can intensify an existing relationship.

New friendships will be made in strange circumstances, and many of you who so far have remained unattached will find the right partner and can decide on getting married. Particularly suitable times will be between February and the beginning of April, during May or August, and during November or December.

☆ YOUR JOB

THIS will be an interesting year, thanks to professional advance and a pleasant relationship with colleagues and superiors who will wish to help you in building up your career. However, be careful during the period from March to mid-June, when obstacles are likely to arise and you will have to slow down. Recognition for the work you have done may also get postponed.

Altogether, you can definitely count on quite exceptional success.



☆ MONEY

UNEXPECTED improvement in your financial position during the second half of the year will help you settle pending difficulties and problems that seemed difficult to cope with early on in the year. Nineteen sixty-eight will work out to your full advantage and will give you the chance to start on new plans and consider certain investments to consolidate your future.

Get the advice of competent people before getting involved in speculative ventures.

☆ HOME

DURING this year you will again establish perfect harmony in the family circle and feel united with your relatives. It will be a happy and lucky year for the children and difficulties with elderly relatives can be ironed out.

In this generally happy atmosphere new ideas for your home can be worked out. Don't neglect your friends, and let them partake in your happiness.

☆ HEALTH

CURES and medical treatments would be particularly effective during the second half of the year and surgical interventions as well as beauty treatment should be undertaken then. Beware of contagious diseases between March and early June and attend immediately to any sore throat or circulatory disfunction.

This will be a year when you can easily undergo a strict diet and be sure of losing weight.

YOUR STARS FOR 1968—Page 3

GEMINI



May 21-June 21

My advice:

THANKS to your adaptability and capabilities, you will cope with life quite well. Keep calm and try to settle everything in an amicable way. Don't ever act spitefully and don't make rash decisions. One can't force the issue, so be patient. New arrangements should be postponed to the end of the year. Generally, consolidate your position.

★ GENERAL

A GENERAL consolidation of your activities and relationships, thanks to most favorable influences helping you to concentrate on what is essential without getting emotionally upset.

The only difficulty may be in your contacts with authorities and you must do everything in order to avoid friction there. Fantastic projects will work out far beyond expectation and entirely new and advantageous situations will arise.

★ HEART

YEAR full of movement, changes, new acquaintances. Matters of the heart will intensify considerably and your hopes will be fulfilled. But you must now be careful not to be overenthusiastic and rush into making decisions.

Don't believe that what is based on mere physical attraction is likely to turn into a lasting relationship. Those still unattached will spend a very interesting time between March and June. Weddings and engagements should be fixed for April, June, second half of July, beginning of August, and September.

Special care is indicated during January, end of March/beginning of April, August.

★ YOUR JOB

YOUR efforts and the energy spent on your work and professional life will produce immense satisfaction and be crowned by success. There will be new possibilities for you all the time, and even if you have to work very hard you can make so much of the beneficial influences this year that it will well compensate you for the difficulties you had last year.

Quick decisions and changes of plans will work out to your full advantage.

★ MONEY

UPS and downs in your financial situation will characterise this year and you must exercise much care. You must work out a definite plan for your financial obligations, because right from the end of February onwards to mid-June you will note an improvement and then, from mid-November onwards, this improvement will steadily grow. All the same, do keep away from speculative ventures.

There is nothing for you to worry about, because you will be able to cope with every situation.

★ HOME

THERE will be family arguments during the second half of the year because of projects planned together, and you should try to attend to domestic changes connected with some expenditure (moving house, selling and buying of property) during the first part of 1968.

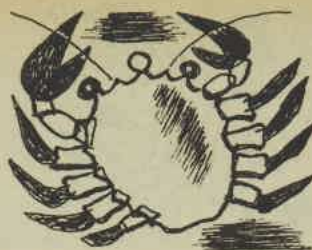
Problems connected with the children will arise toward the end of the year, but can easily be settled. Friends, especially elderly ones, will play an important part in your lives, and you will learn where your real friends are and in whom you can definitely confide. New acquaintances in April and March.

★ HEALTH

YOUR health will improve in the course of this year, but during the second half you must count on some ups and downs. Your weakest spots are your digestion and getting tired easily. Keep away from heavy food and strong drinks.

October: beware of influenza and feverish colds. Moderate sports activities and more of an open-air life are advisable.

CANCER



June 22-July 22

My advice:

DON'T think of revenge, try to overcome your moments of depression and relax with a hobby. Don't rely on a third person to establish new contacts—your personal approach will always get you furthest. Some of you will have to make a certain sacrifice.

★ GENERAL

NEW experiences, the necessity to adapt yourself and move around frequently making new contacts will mark this new year. Matters won't always develop as planned by you and you will find it necessary to make certain changes, but the general outcome is likely to be positive and constructive.

You must make the most of your intuitions which are always right, and you must concentrate on what you are working on. A good chance of meeting people in important positions who will be glad to assist you.



★ HEART

I FORESEE romantic situations, sudden love affairs, and delightful new acquaintances during a trip. Generally, you tend to fall in love head over heels and, in fact, you must be careful not to make a mistake about a friendship made toward the end of the year: the person concerned may turn out less attractive than expected.

The best months for your emotional life will be between mid-March and early April, May, and particularly again from mid-June to mid-July. Engagements and weddings should be postponed to August or else end of September to end of October.

★ YOUR JOB

IT would be wrong to consider any violent changes of occupation during the course of this year, and you must also consider all the pros and cons of any such steps and try to be more adaptable. Avoid being over-critical and don't confide in people.

During 1968 you will certainly have a good deal of travelling to do, but negotiations will ultimately be crowned by success. Don't be too ambitious, but follow your common sense.



★ MONEY

YOU will pass through a most beneficial phase and can certainly consolidate your financial position, invest and do some speculating with successful outcome; such activities are advised for the first three months of 1968 and between mid-June and November.

Avoid, however, long-term obligations unless 100 percent secure. Don't over-spend and avoid complications.

★ HOME

AVOID new problems in the family circle and see that opinions don't clash too violently. Changes to your home had better be postponed to next year. Children will achieve surprisingly good results.

Don't neglect your friends; they will prove a great help and support in a difficult situation. May will be a very satisfactory month.

Elderly people may well prove to be more demanding and you must put up with the situations.

★ HEALTH

THIS will be a year when you feel easily tired and you must cope with renewed attacks of an old indisposition. The usual minor ailments will be less likely to find a quick cure. The main thing is that your morale is kept high and that you always keep sufficient time for resting and for open-air exercises.

LEO



July 23-August 22

My advice:

YOU must find time for a hobby to relax. This will make you see the problems around you more objectively and give you more peace of mind. Watch who is working close to you and don't take every success for granted; this may easily lead you in the wrong direction.

☆ GENERAL

IDEAS and plans that looked unreal can now be put into practice and then established for a considerable time to come. You yourself will be the centre of activity, get around a lot and meet outstanding personalities.

Due to the influence from Neptune, some of you must be careful and look ahead. Don't talk too much about your plans to comparatively unknown people — there is a danger of intrigues and indiscretions.



☆ HEART

PEOPLE will find you particularly attractive and charming and will feel confident and at ease in your company. You have the gift to make others take part in your joys and your enthusiasm, and naturally you find it easy to surround yourself with friends. Try to establish a lasting relationship, especially if you are still unattached and would like to get married.

January, April, and June, and again mid-July to mid-August will be particularly favorable periods for you. Tension is possible during May and between September 27 and October 21.

☆ YOUR JOB

YOU feel sure of working in the right direction and can take the initiative, especially so as you can count on having a good deal of luck this year.

This will generally prove to be a year of good new starts, and if you had taken the initiative last year over a particular matter this is now likely to develop satisfactorily and promises well for the future. A good year to start on studies.

☆ MONEY

THANKS to your good job and your new activities you should be able to consolidate considerably your financial situation. Be careful about getting involved in speculative ventures that at first sight appear most promising and attractive, but you will be lucky in certain investments if you make sure first with whom you work, and whom you ask for advice and guidance.



☆ HOME

YOU manage to have a conciliatory influence on the family and consequently the atmosphere will be a happy one and this again will help you to make certain important decisions regarding a modernisation of your home. This year also favors property acquisitions.

You may be sure that the children will work satisfactorily and give much pleasure. Don't forget to help needy relatives. During June, you will get on particularly well with friends and make some fascinating new acquaintances.

☆ HEALTH

IN spite of many beneficial factors, you tend to overtax your energies. Try to be more moderate and you will find that no illnesses will upset you. An excellent year for diets and beauty treatment generally.

The Australian Women's Weekly—January 3, 1968

VIRGO



August 23-September 23

My advice:

DON'T be afraid to make some big decisions—you will be successful in whatever you undertake and can forget past disappointments and troubles. Try to have more understanding, also, for others.

☆ GENERAL

NOW you must have confidence and work enthusiastically at what you already started on but so far could not get on with for one reason or another. This is the most propitious moment for coping with important projects and for causing your life to take a decisive turn for the better.

You can definitely forget all past worries and anxieties; just work hard and try to achieve your aims quickly. Your ideas will certainly find open ears.



☆ HEART

THIS will be a very strange and exceptional year for you and you are advised not to insist on achieving what generally is considered impossible or dangerous. There will be interesting meetings with people and you may find the ideal partner. Many of you can now take marriage into serious consideration, but do follow your own intuition.

Most promising periods should be February, May, and from June 22 to mid-July, as well as August, October, and from November 15 to December 10. Tension, on the other hand, must be expected to increase during January and late March.

☆ YOUR JOB

TRY to free yourself of the worries that have been weighing on you and you will be able to face up to your new obligations and duties full of optimism and confident of success. Thanks to your first-rate organising talent and past experiences you should now be able to construct a solid basis for your future.

You will much enjoy your work and be generally respected and recognised. A pleasant relationship with colleagues and superiors. Some attractive new proposals.



☆ MONEY

AS your job gets more and more important, you can also expect to earn more, apart from finding some extra work that will be well paid. You take the right initiative, but may be running some risks at times; these, however, thanks to this being your lucky year, will finally work out to your full advantage and you can make some good investments, always following the advice of experienced and trusted friends.

☆ HOME

YOU will find much better understanding in the family circle and get on particularly well with the young set. Projects for your home can now be put into practice and you may consider buying some property.

Problems connected with elderly relatives can be ironed out and if you are ready to make certain allowances and sacrifices their gratitude and affection will, in turn, make life easier for you. Don't neglect friends made in recent years and accept the invitation to meet people of an entirely new circle; you will enjoy getting food for new ideas.

☆ HEALTH

YOUR health will be all right apart from the usual minor ailments like upset stomach, headaches, and general tiredness. Perhaps you should, this year, consider taking a cure and do some strict dieting. Special care is advisable during the period September/November.

YOUR STARS FOR 1968—Page 7

LIBRA



September 24-October 23

My advice:

PHYSICALLY and morally you must not go to the extreme. Have confidence in your projects, however slowly they materialise. Always keep time for relaxation and a hobby—you need this to keep your peace of mind.

☆ GENERAL

YOU will be kept extremely busy and will experience ups and downs generally, having to overcome numerous obstacles. Thus, first of all, you must think about getting yourself properly organised. Persevere with your work, stick to your program, and be confident that you can carry out what you intended to do. You will find in the end that you have achieved what you set out to do and that you have found a solution to your problems.



☆ HEART

YOU must work hard and give the very best of yourself to obtain what you want. Show understanding for your partner, try to see his side of the situation, and you will overcome misunderstandings. There will also be many new acquaintances, but few of them can be turned into a serious friendship that is likely to last. Be less critical and don't spoil what you have just achieved.

January, June, September, and the latter part of December are the best months for engagements and weddings.

☆ YOUR JOB

YOU will be asked to make a sacrifice, but in the end it will have been well worth your while. Show goodwill and enthusiasm, be friendly and understanding with your colleagues, however difficult their character may be. Don't worry if something goes wrong sometimes; you have the necessary ability to carry through your plans.

Don't listen to people trying to interfere in your personal affairs and distrust their compliments, which will not be serious. Attend carefully to documents and correspondence.

☆ MONEY

JUPITER, the planet of good fortune, is on your side up to the middle of June, and during that time you should endeavor to settle all financial matters. Be generally careful, though, and don't get involved in new ventures unless they are absolutely safe. Earnings will come mainly from hard work. After the beginning of November, you will better your position, but it will be a slow process. Main thing is that you get properly organised and don't overspend.



☆ HOME

BE particularly nice with your family and pay special attention to the needs of elderly relatives who ask for more understanding. Don't worry, a certain elderly relative will soon be out of danger. You tend to get nervous about changes to be brought to your home; in the end, the solution will be even better than you had hoped for. The year will end on a most promising note.

During the beginning of 1968, you will meet rather high-placed people and can also consolidate other personal relationships. However, your old friends will always remain your best ones and give you moral and material support whenever needed.

☆ HEALTH

YOU get tired more easily than before and may even have a kind of physical collapse. You are, therefore, advised not to overtax your strength but to see that you always get sufficient rest and sleep. You must learn to relax completely. Be particularly careful between the end of June and the beginning of August.

SCORPIO



October 24-Nov. 22

My advice:

TRY to be constructive in your approach and always be objective. Don't listen to gossip at work or among your neighbors. Try, too, to curb your jealousy, almost always ill-founded, otherwise it will be the greatest obstacle to your personal happiness this year.

☆ GENERAL

TRY to clear up all pending matters from last year and keep your eyes open. If you make an effort, you can turn certain difficult situations into something well worth working for. However, during the first half of the year you must still expect to run up against difficulties—mainly due to certain persons objecting to your ideas.

Be careful when dealing with the authorities and over legal matters and be always exceptionally clear and explicit in what you say or write.



☆ HEART

AN old friendship can be revived, and those still unattached are likely to meet a person in whom they can have full confidence. Nineteen sixty-eight will bring romance, passion, but also, during the first half, complications.

An interesting year for marriage, especially during January, March, mid-June to mid-July, August, and early October. Be particularly cautious, on the other hand, and don't give rise to jealousy and misunderstandings during the periods mid-February, mid-March, May, late July.

☆ YOUR JOB

A CHANGE at your job will mean a consolidation of your position in the professional sense and you will have to work harder, get well organized, and be prepared to make certain sacrifices, too. A new idea won't leave you in peace until you succeed in putting it to work.

See that all your documents are in order and bring correspondence up to date. Contacts with business friends must be kept alive; you will be helped in your work by your lively imagination and fresh ideas.

☆ MONEY

THE beginning of the year won't see much progress and you should, therefore, refrain from entering into new obligations and keep down your expenses. Later on, prospects will improve and you will certainly earn more and be able to invest successfully.

Be careful, though, and don't be tempted by risky ventures. Dissatisfaction with results obtained may prove a bad adviser for future investments and lead you to take unnecessary risks.



☆ HOME

FAMILY relations that had deteriorated in the past can now be considerably improved if you make an effort in that direction. You must express your own personal point of view, but also try to have understanding for the problems of others.

The education of the children will present certain problems, but there is no reason why a solution should not be found. Projects for your home can be further developed. Important new contacts and friends, but beware of mixing with undesirable circles.

☆ HEALTH

THERE is nothing you have to worry about, but you will get tired easily and tend to overtax your strength. Keep away from smoking and drinking and control your intake of food. Be particularly careful between end of March and early May and during September and attend immediately to any minor disturbances.

SAGITTARIUS



November 23-December 21

My advice:

KEEP calm and deal diplomatically with people in leading positions. Don't always talk about your successes but leave it to the others to discover your value. Your personality can now develop in various directions and you must always show yourself from your most charming side. Your intuition will be your very best ally.

★ GENERAL

A GENERAL consolidation of your position is possible and you can further develop your projects over a longish period to come. Every step, however, requires serious reflection and new ideas can be adopted in order to overcome difficulties.

Initiative taken last year can now be further developed, thanks to the influence from Saturn; these influences also bring the assistance of highly placed personalities.



★ HEART

YOU will learn the meaning of true love and affection and, as never before, you will find your wishes fulfilled. New acquaintances will also turn into true friendships and assume an ever-increasing importance in your life.

Those still unattached will find a partner with whom to share interests and ambitions. This will be the year for marriages between people who are less interested in the financial aspects of their liaison but rather look for a partner with whom they can share ideas and build up a life together.

Delightful flirts will not be lacking and you will have a particularly nice time early in March, April, and during the latter part of July; then again in September, October.

★ YOUR JOB

A GAINST your nature, you will be able to work patiently and persevere, but don't be too sure of yourself and don't exaggerate. Up to June, propitious influences from Jupiter work in your favor, but later on you had better be careful, especially when dealing with authorities and over legal matters. Don't spoil what you have just achieved.

★ MONEY

BE patient and work carefully and don't take on financial obligations unless you are sure about being able to live up to them. That way you will eventually increase your earnings and then only can you consider some investments.

Don't enter into any speculative ventures. Nothing will be given to you—you have to work hard for every penny and concentrate on definite aims.



★ HOME

YOU get on extremely well with your family and usually there will be a happy atmosphere in your home. You have learned to be patient and more understanding and will find it easier now to make the necessary effort to keep the family united.

Those who have to make a decision regarding their home can be sure that they go the right way about it. Friends will play an even more important part toward the end of the year. At first, you tend to neglect them because you have too many other things to think about.

★ HEALTH

THIS generally beneficial year should also be made use of to consolidate your health. Your nerves certainly need a rest and you should try to follow a more moderate way of life. Indispositions may occur during January/mid-February and between May and June and during September.

CAPRICORN



December 22-January 20

My advice:

YOUR own attitude may provoke certain reactions in others and you must understand their point of view and why they may be opposing your ideas. With a bit of generosity you get much further. Personal problems must not be neglected, but you must try to see them dispassionately.

☆ GENERAL

YOU will be kept very busy with important duties and have to face up to decisions that may have a long-lasting effect. Count on getting recognition for your work, but don't ever forget that your work now has to be developed in such a way as to remain the basis for your whole future.

This year won't be an easy year, nor will results come in quickly, but you have the strength to build up patiently and to persevere.

☆ HEART

THERE is a risk that you create complications and a crisis instead of consolidating a certain relationship built on mutual affection. Don't give in to depressive thoughts, but be confident and put your trust in those close to you. You must try to have more understanding and patience for other people's difficulties.

Of course, there will be many opportunities to make new acquaintances and the periods most likely to be enjoyed are January, late March, May, August, end of November, and early December.

☆ MONEY

THANKS to your intelligence and your tendency to be careful, the situation will be all right, though not brilliant, because you have to cope with extra expenditure. However, due to the position of Jupiter, you will be able to make some extra money during the latter half of the year. Don't take any risks, don't be overconfident, and keep your feet firmly on the ground.

☆ HOME

BE more understanding with relatives and don't judge them only from your own point of view. If you give in at times it will help you, too. Possibility of an elderly relative giving cause to worry. During May, you can plan to do a lot for your home, and friends will generally prove to be of enormous help to you; do plan things together with them. A wonderful surprise in October.

☆ YOUR JOB

EARLY on in the New Year you have a lot of work and will feel bogged down by difficulties. However, thanks to your many bright ideas and interesting plans, you will get on and you can be sure of getting the necessary support.

Try to settle legal questions and negotiations with authorities between July and November. It is essential that your relationship with colleagues remains friendly.

☆ HEALTH

YOU need to be in excellent health in order to cope with all your work. Relax—it will help you to keep up your morale. Between February and March and November and December there is a risk of suffering from rheumatic pains and influenza and you should take care.



AQUARIUS



January 21-February 19

My advice:

DURING 1968 you can definitely accomplish a great deal, take up studies, travel, and take an interest in a number of new fields. However, you must always have confidence in yourself if you want to achieve your ambitious aims.

☆ GENERAL

YOU will be able to settle a number of questions now, thanks to your dynamic ways and capacity to concentrate on what is essential. You therefore can be sure of consolidating your position.

Most propitious period will be the first half of the year, but you have to handle situations very diplomatically and not show yourself over-ambitious. A very promising situation will develop toward the end of the year.



☆ HEART

A SOLID basis for your emotional life can now be found. Those still unattached and also the very young ones among you will be able to find the right partner, but they must realise that there is no point in entertaining superficial relationships.

You can make some really important new contacts, and relationships started now should prove of long duration. If you should find that there are points of argument, handle your partner very diplomatically and ultimately you will find that it has proved a worthwhile experience.

☆ YOUR JOB

PROFESSIONAL matters will take a turn for the better in the course of this year, but you must establish a clear-cut working relationship. Thanks to your perseverance, all will work out well. You will also find that you can now concentrate much better on your work, get on with studies, and take on long-term obligations that need very hard work.

As always, you have some very original ideas, and, at times, these may bring you into opposition with your superiors.

☆ MONEY

MONEY matters that have been hanging fire since last year, new expenses, and delayed payments will figure largely during the first part of the New Year. Financial matters require your fullest attention and you must be careful to have all your documents in order and be sure that everything is above board.

After June you can take on new obligations, invest money, and be sure of satisfactory results. Be patient, because toward October prospects will improve definitely.

In general, you may now count on building a solid basis for your financial position. Beware of lending money to anybody.



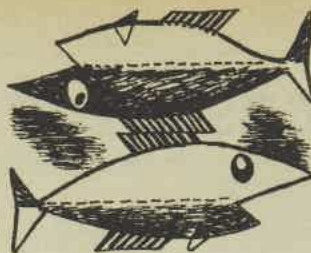
☆ HOME

EXCELLENT influences will be felt in the family, where relations improve considerably. Everyone will be thankful for help given to each other and the family will feel again much united. Particularly between May and mid-July you will enjoy happiness with your family. Elderly relatives will be most helpful and friends will also back you up: always accept their well-intentioned advice.

☆ HEALTH

YOU tend to overdo it and tax your physical and nervous strength to the utmost. Be more moderate, stick to a light diet, and don't take any drugs or stimulants. Special care is indicated during April, May, August, and September.

PISCES



February 20-March 20

My advice:

DO something for your spiritual development, take up a hobby to forget what has been troubling you and to break the monotony of daily routine. You will probably receive a dog or cat as a gift. Study any documents well before you sign.

☆ GENERAL

AT last you will feel free of prejudices and difficulties that have been preventing you from dealing energetically with many problems connected with your future. A project you have been interested in for quite some time can now be put into practice, but you must work methodically and to a detailed program.

People working with you may prove a bit of a problem, either because they demand too much or because they try to tie you down too closely to certain methods. Do follow your own intuition and you go right.



☆ HEART

ALWAYS show your most charming self—and you will get on well and score success. Emotionally, things will intensify. You will want to meet new people, but be careful — somebody may prove much more difficult than you think.

The most important periods will be February, end of March, May, and from June 22 to mid-July, October, and mid-November to mid-December. A chance of falling victim to attacks of jealousy and generally to friction with your partner: January, early June, August.

☆ YOUR JOB

IF you make your decisions promptly you will be more independent in future. Free yourself from the rather negative influence from certain people. You have some excellent ideas that can be put into practice, given the proper organisation and perseverance. Remember mistakes made in the past and beware of falling into the same trap again.

You must work on something that really interests you; only then will you be successful and this will prove the year in which you can achieve a lot.

☆ MONEY

YOU can count on having more money than in previous years, but all the same you must go on saving. In fact, the stability of your financial status depends on whether you manage to control your wish to spend heavily: you consider it necessary to buy certain things which you could just as well do without.

Clarify money questions still unsettled and then think of investing; you will be successful. Watch out, you may overlook an excellent opportunity. Don't be lazy, but try to do some extra work to make money.



☆ HOME

YOU manage to forget differences of the past and make up for it. Family life will be pleasant, you understand each other better and consequently manage to help one another, too. Domestic issues can be settled satisfactorily, but you must attend more frequently to your friends, especially the old ones, while you should be more careful about new acquaintances.

New and interesting contacts are likely in February, mid-November, and early December.

☆ HEALTH

NOW you can get rid of chronic disturbances, but stick to a moderate way of life and get sufficient sleep. Anxieties and intestinal trouble require special care—most likely during January/February. Control your weight.

YOUR STARS FOR 1968—Page 13

The forecast for 1969



ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

A YEAR of very hard work, when you must make the most of your gifts and intelligence. However, don't try to force matters. Events will work out in their own time, and influences, as far as your job is concerned, are extremely propitious, provided you persevere, in spite of frequent tiredness. During the second half of the year you can expect a definite improvement in your position. There will be exciting news, surprise developments.

Matters of the heart:

IN this respect, 1969 will be an interesting year, but you must keep love affairs and business life strictly separate. If you

don't there will be gossip and trouble. Many Aries subjects will get married, but must count on initial difficulties. This year you will get on well with your friends and you have the opportunity to enter into new and interesting circles. Beware not to compromise your position during the summer months and think well before making a decision.

Family:

A CHANGE to make changes in the home in order to modernise generally. The best time would be between March and August. Don't neglect the family; show yourself more generous. Financially, all will work out in your favor.



TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

CHANGES and developments all through the year, but you can count on getting support for even the most delicate problems. After spring, much patience will be required and, generally, things will slow down. Don't allow your nerves to give way if you have to cope with delays and obstacles, but keep calm — especially in financial matters. As to your work, be careful when making decisions about any possible changes.

Matters of the heart:

AN intense and lively year, although engagements and weddings tend to be held up. You are sure to get involved in love affairs and find new friends. Compli-

cations will, however, follow initial happiness, and the more careful you are in the choice of your partners the better. Toward summer, you will meet a person and this relationship will develop into a lasting friendship. Don't worry too much if a certain friend has got to leave.

Family:

UNEXPECTED changes in the family circle, most likely during the second half of the year, will cause you some upset. You may be forced to make a certain sacrifice in order to help. If there are family questions to be solved, try to get all settled between January and May. A friend will help to settle a family problem.



GEMINI (May 21 — June 21)

YOUR position and job can be consolidated in the course of this year, and thanks to a stroke of luck you can look confidently to the future. Your bright ideas about matters generally will be of great help, and people will be glad to back you up. This year favors travelling, studies, specialisations, and investments. Economically, your situation is bound to improve, partly due to family developments, partly because you find additional sources of income through your work.

Matters of the heart:

WONDERFUL year to start a family, get engaged, or married. There is a duplicity in your sign which might cause some difficulties in your life. Success for

you is always close to envy and jealousy and there is a possibility of your being disappointed by a friend. Secret relationships can now be disclosed to the family.

Family:

GENERAL improvement in your relations with the family. Problems had best be discussed during the period February to June. Domestic changes should be planned for the beginning of the year. An old dream can now be realised, thanks to the help given by a member of the family. Toward the end of the year you may have some worries in connection with a sick elderly relative. Beware of burglars. Long-pending problems can now be settled — thanks to the help given by a friend.



CANCER (June 22 — July 22)

A YEAR during which you tend to exaggerate your difficulties and problems. New developments could, in fact, work out to your fullest advantage if you cope calmly with the new situation. Much hard work, possibly some differences of opinion with superiors, but if you handle the matter diplomatically you will come out on top. Excellent chances for a journey. Financially, this should prove a good year, but you tend to overspend. However, these expenses will be covered by extra earnings.

Matters of the heart:

MANY of you will be completely taken up by a romantic affair, but if you don't talk too much about it all will work out fine. Engagements and weddings should

be left for the second part of the year. Interesting new experiences due to contacts overseas. People you meet this year will often be somewhat strange in their ways and you may find it difficult at times to understand them.

Family:

BE more diplomatic with the family and rather overlook certain things at times; tolerance and generosity will be your best allies. Children will show satisfactory results and you will get on well with your neighbors, provided you are not on too intimate terms with them. During the first months of the year you must watch your health, but later on you will feel fine.

Forecast for 1969 (continued)



LEO (July 23-August 22)

THE main features of 1969 for you will be a general turn for the better. Push on with questions regarding your job and any kind of business, because financially you will soon be much better off. Travel, changes, and new ideas for your work will be favored.

Matters of the heart:

EXCITING affairs await you. On the one side they are promising and attractive but also full of pitfalls. Keep calm and before making a final decision, get good advice. Many will find themselves faced with the necessity to make a sudden decision over a matter that has been dragging on for years. The year 1969,

however, will bring many new contacts and friendships, engagements, and weddings, especially between April and November. You will enter into a new circle of friends; a somewhat strange attitude taken by old friends will not last long and must not be taken too seriously.

Family:

THROUGH your family you will be able to get special backing, and this will lead to considerable advantages for you. This will never be a boring year: there will be new developments all the time, surprises regarding your home and the children, and great joy. You will find a family vacation exhilarating.



LIBRA (September 24-October 23)

A YEAR full of changes and innovations, when you will take up new jobs and fresh interests. A certain difficulty connected with your work can quickly be overcome by your adopting a diplomatic attitude. This year, for you, is still largely under the influence of the planet of good luck, Jupiter, and this will help you when having to make decisions of some importance. Earnings will go up, but don't overspend.

Matters of the heart:

THESE will be lively, with new friendships and easy conquests and flirtations. Relationships that have been uncertain for some time can now be clarified, but be careful not to upset your

partner and ruin a certain relationship for good. You must discuss such matters and allow commonsense to advise you on your actions. Friends will be of particular help during the first part of the year and they will give you much moral support on a personal matter.

Family:

THE family will take up much of your interest and attention and you will have to try to cope with a difficulty regarding either your home or an elderly relative. Children, on the other hand, will give much joy, and one child in particular will show excellent results. Moving house will be for the better and if you intend such a move, you'll find necessary support.



VIRGO (August 23-September 23)

A QUIET and consolidating year during which certain changes and new duties will bring a general bettering of your position. Strokes of luck especially between April and October, will help to settle legal questions. You will be called upon to face up to heavy expenditure, but you will find the necessary cash. Be careful of risky investments. The weakest point this year will be your health in as much as you tend to catch feverish colds easily. Beware, also, of minor accidents.

Matters of the heart:

A PROMISING year when many a wish will be fulfilled and matters of the heart will give much happiness. A good chance of meeting people through your

work. However, at times your patience will be almost exhausted and you must watch out that people don't take advantage of your kindness. Children or relatives may cause minor upsets, because you don't show enough understanding or authority. Don't worry if friends disappoint you. See such people as would interest you and with whom you share ideas.

Family:

FAMILY matters should follow more or less the usual routine, and if there is any trouble it will most likely be due to your own attitude. Don't try to force the issue. Domestic changes are best accomplished between January and February or after October 1.



SCORPIO (October 24-November 22)

YOUR work will be of the greatest importance this year. You can count on receiving concrete proposals that would mean a definite turn for the better. New contacts with interesting people may lead toward future financial improvements. If you have to make a decision, do so between May and August. A good year for studies and specialisations and for any cultural and artistic activities.

Matters of the heart:

UPS and downs in your emotional life, mainly caused by your own incomprehensible ways of treating your partner. Avoid frictions and continued crises; be cheerful and all will soon be right again.

After September, matters will calm down and become much more satisfactory. Social activities will bring much pleasure; you will be amused to meet fascinating people, different from your usual set of friends. You will much enjoy taking part in special programs and parties. Watch out — a friendship may turn into a much more intimate relationship.

Family:

FAMILY life will be harmonious, with everyone trying to adapt himself and to be kind and helpful. Don't be too much absorbed by the problem of a boy; watch him, but always remain objective. A long postponed journey can be realised.

Forecast for 1969 (continued)



SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 21)

AN important event will have a very positive influence on your future and must be considered a stroke of good luck rather than the result of your efforts. Carry on with your work conscientiously. This year will help you to settle a legal dispute that has been hanging fire for a long time. Financial security will at last come to you.

Matters of the heart:

CONFUSION, happiness, and emotional upsets, but this must not lead you to doing something silly which you may later regret. Fortunately, a very positive influence from Jupiter will help you to see your situation in its proper proportion. A

possibility of feeling disappointed with friends, but the fault may really lie with you. A friendship with a very sporty or very intellectual person will become most interesting and you can learn a lot yourself.

Family:

A DIFFERENCE of opinion will cause friction and arguments in the family circle. You must try to gain time and then you will be able to make the others agree with your point of view. A young relative is likely to upset your plans, but soon everything can be put right again. A trip you have been hoping for can now be planned for 1969.



CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20)

FOLLOW the events and have confidence in competent friends to guide you in the right direction and always get their advice before making your decisions. Thus you will make considerable progress and even get some new proposals which will eventually work out to your advantage. Everything, in fact, will go well this year if you have a realistic approach to financial matters and look further ahead.

Matters of the heart:

YOU must face up to certain difficulties with your partner. Show much understanding and don't always insist on your own point of view. Go out, meet people—you will not regret it, because you will

meet certain people who may well make you an interesting new proposition. Old friends must not be neglected, however far they may be.

Family:

HEALTH and also financial reasons will add to your burdens in connection with the family. Try to get the confidence of the younger members of the family; their enthusiasm will, in turn, help you and make things easier and more pleasant for you. Listen to advice if you contemplate domestic changes, but such matters had better be postponed. Accept the invitation to join friends on a journey.



AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19)

A YEAR full of rich experiences, but don't try to look for them in the wrong places. You will certainly be successful with your job and enjoy doing something new, but don't change too often. This won't be a year when you should upset your life. Financially, you will be able to spend more, but don't waste your money, don't be capricious in financial matters.

Matters of the heart:

THIS year will give you many a pleasant surprise, especially if you are prepared to overlook certain shortcomings with your partner. However, you yourself will also be tempted at times and in particular

during the autumn you must be careful not to take a flirt too seriously. A friend whom you had not seen for a long time will return and you will have a wonderful time together.

Family:

LOTS of surprises: short trips, visitors, and visits. This may cause some tension and upsets, but on the other hand the experiences gained will be well worth it. May and November will put your patience to the test, but altogether you can expect some very attractive propositions for your home; it will get modernised and you will be delighted.



PISCES (February 20-March 20)

IN the course of this year you will be able to bring plans, so far beyond reach, to a satisfactory conclusion. A propitious year if you want to take up studies and take part in competitions or start on a new job, because you have the necessary enthusiasm and energy to succeed. Somebody will also give you a helping hand. Financially, a dangerous situation may arise in spring; beware that nobody takes advantage of you.

Matters of the heart:

YOU will score much success, but don't take any risks because of that. Resist the temptation to upset your partner. Distant friends will give you proof of their

true affection and devotion. Between April and July, if you hear of any gossiping about yourself, keep calm and take no notice. You probably caused some of the talk by your own actions. You can now enter a fascinating intellectual circle, or an artistic one.

Family:

IT will be an interesting, but not always quiet and peaceful, year, with many new developments. You will have to make a sacrifice in order to give material aid to a relative. Arguments will shatter your confidence, but try to understand. If you have to consider domestic changes, do so early in the year.